

For The Bit

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/40252110) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/40252110>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	5+1 Things , Friends to Lovers , Denial of Feelings , Friends With Benefits , Getting Together , Clay Dream Has ADHD (Video Blogging RPF) , idk what else to tag ill tag more with next chapters , Blow Jobs , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Laughter During Sex , Internalized Homophobia , Juggling , i like that this is a tag bc it's quite relevant lmao , Fluff , Comedy , Humor , i got told to add these tags zjsjjdd
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-07-12 Completed: 2022-09-10 Chapters: 6/6 Words: 33471

For The Bit

by [biboyhalo](#)

Summary

George always knew moving to Florida would bring changes into his relationship with Dream. He expected the changes to be minimal, though. Being able to talk more in person, being able to spend time in each other's proximity, and, of course, being able to see him.

What he didn't expect, was the changes that came with their usual jokes. What he didn't expect, was them being able to follow them through with actions.

or 5 times Dream and George get distracted during sex and the 1 time it actually matters.

Water

Chapter Notes

this is basically halfway done anyway so no need waiting for further chapters too long.
Probably will be updated every few days.

anyway just ADHD things am I right

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Settling into Florida, after years of planning the very thing, came with a lot of adjustments.

For starters, the weather. The heat was stagnant, hanging in the air like a fog, feeling almost as if it was weighing down on George the moment he left the plane. He thought he'd be prepared, what with the way literally everyone who's been to or currently was in Florida (or whose dad's sister's husband's coworker lived there or something) has been warning him about it. To the point where he's been getting a little bit sick of it, frankly. He got it, water is wet, grass is green (allegedly) and Florida is hot.

But he didn't expect it to be *this* bad.

Florida wasn't just hot. Florida was like if hell and the surface of the sun combined and the new hell-sun was placed in the middle of a huge, hell-sun-containing sauna.

"You're so dramatic" Dream says, when George complains about the heat in those exact words, hell-sun and all. "You've literally *been* to Florida before."

George scoffs. "That was years ago." he retaliates, and then wraps his hand around Dream's dick.

Well, that was another adjustment that came (Ha!) with moving to Florida. An adjustment that ended up in a rather... interesting development.

Seeing Dream in person was new in many ways. Seeing his face, of course, in full for the first time, instead of corners of eyebrows and closeups of hair, was something he had expected to feel weird at first. And it was, hearing the voice he heard over discord so many times, so many days and nights, coming out of the mouth of a person he didn't recognise, was, well, quite unusual. Getting used to how Dream reacts to his jokes, getting used to how Dream looks, how he laughs, getting used to the fact that he can just turn to him and *look* . He didn't have to check discord statuses or mutual VCs. Now, all he had to do was just get to Dream's room. (Or just look up at what Dream was doing on his computer while he was chilling in Dream's bed. Mostly that one. He spent a lot of time browsing his phone in that spot.)

But that was all expected. He had known that would happen.

What he had not expected, however, was the effect that being in Dream's physical space would have on their usual humour.

George would never in a million years admit it out loud to absolutely anyone, but the jokes of the more *sexual nature* , that he made with Dream, were always slightly, well... *different* , than the sexual jokes he'd made with his other friends. He tried not to overthink it before moving, pretended that he can't exactly put his finger on what it is, and repressed every single emotion that came as a reaction to Dream's flirtatious teasing. And so he was quite confident, albeit through lots and lots of practiced denial, that nothing would change. He was sure that Dream could make every joke under the sun about them kissing, sucking each other off, fucking, you name it; George knew it was just that. Jokes.

And, well, it was still kind of a joke when Dream responded with ' *We could kiss* ' to George's ' *I'm bored* '. Still humorous when instead of moving away when Dream confidently leaned in, George leaned in also. And at that point, Dream was supposed to move away, wheeze out his stupid kettle laugh, call George an idiot. Instead, what happened was a weirdly gentle press of lips, one that lingered for a good few seconds past initial surprise, mixed with the pain of the corner of the kitchen table digging into George's lower back.

It was still funny. It was still very much a *joke* . They both laughed for a full five minutes afterwards. George screamed and Dream kettled. It was *a bit* .

And then, a week later, a similar joke ended up with an even longer kiss, a kiss of smiling mouths and curious tongues. And it was still kind of hilarious, especially considering they were both on the couch, trying their hardest not to laugh, while Sapnap was passed out on the sofa chair, snoring loudly, making them giggle each time he did so.

And the time after that, in Dream's room, it was still pretty funny when in the middle of their making out, hands exploring under shirts, Patches jumped on top of the bed, right next to their heads, and meowed loudly into George's ear, stopping everything as they laughed and laughed and laughed. He doesn't exactly recall what joke this specific kiss started at, but that was besides the point. The point being, it was funny to keep up the bit.

So when during one evening, both of them lying in George's bed, very much *jokingly* George responded to Dream calling him an idiot for cheating at iMessage scrabble (and winning!) with '*Suck my dick Dream* ', he didn't think much of it. And when Dream replied '*Bet* ' and got off the bed to kneel right by George's crotch, he still tried very, very hard not to think much of it. And then, when Dream continued, undoing George's pants and getting his mouth on him, George, frankly, could hardly think of anything anyway.

Weirdly, it hadn't changed much. It came almost as a natural extension of their banter, which George appreciated in his own way. There was no need to discuss it. There was nothing to discuss! Just, sometimes, one of them had jokingly mentioned getting each other off, and then, to follow with the bit, they'd done it. Whether it was George or Dream, whether it was mouths or hands, it was fun.

...Fun *ny* . Funny, it was funny.

(It was a bit less funny when Sapnap came into his room, no knocking, and got an eyeful of Dream pushing George against the wardrobe, lips on George's jaw, hand in George's boxers. Well, it was less funny for *George* . Dream had a blast. The time of his life, even, dying of laughter at Sapnap yelling and scrambling out of the room, dying of laughter at Sapnap refusing to make eye contact with either of them for a whole day, completely doubling over at George's '*Never fucking mention this*' followed by Sapnap's '*I'd rather eat glass than even think about that.* ' the next day.)

Point being, this is how he found himself here. Lying in Dream's bed, facing each other, hands on each other's dicks, with George complaining about the unforgiving heat of Floridian summer. And getting absolutely zero sympathy in response.

"So what if it was years ago" Dream rolls his eyes, fist slowly moving up George's quickly hardening cock. "You had the experience. You knew it would be hot in the summer."

"Yeah, but-" his words get interrupted by a small groan that leaves his throat. Dream's hand feels much better than when he's touching himself. Still, he doesn't want to give him too much satisfaction, so he pushes back the whine he almost makes when Dream circles the tip of his dick with his thumb. "It's still hot as hell. I might die next time I leave the house."

"You won't *die* , idiot." Dream responds. "I've lived here my whole life and I survived."

"That's different. You've got time to get used to it." He glances down, satisfied that Dream is sporting a full erection already. He pulls up his hand and spits on his open palm, before wrapping it back around Dream's dick. Dream gives him a weird look, but ruts back into his hand. "Whatever. Water is wet. Florida is hot. Jerk me off."

Dream laughs, moves closer, left hand resting on George's abdomen, right hand getting to work. Humming appreciatively, George closes his eyes.

"Well. Water is not wet, but."

George opens his eyes.

"What?" he blinks at Dream, catching his gaze, and raises his eyebrow just to further drive home his confusion.

"I'm just saying." Dream's hand slows down slightly. "What you said wasn't fully true. Yes, Florida is hot, but no, water is not wet."

Aside from their quickened breaths, it's silent for a moment. George tries to think, as much as he can really, with the drag of skin on skin.

"Water is literally wet." he finally settles on. "It's water."

"It's not wet!" Dream's amused tone is not shared by George. Is this gaslighting? Was Dream trying to Gaslight Girlboss Gatekeep him?

"How is water not wet." he lets his annoyance show through by squeezing at the base of Dream's dick a little bit harder than necessary.

"It's- Ah-! It's not." Even that doesn't get him off track. George half braces himself for Dream to do it back, but the younger just continues. "Water makes things wet-" George snorts. "-but it isn't wet in itself."

And George really wants to call bullshit. He really does, just to roll his eyes and tell Dream to shut up and make him come. But...

"But it can be both." he argues against his better judgement. "It can be wet and make things wet."

"No it can't." Dream's laugh is confident, but doesn't seem mocking. "Hold on-" Dream's left hand is gone from George's stomach as he leans back and reaches for his phone on the nightstand. At least his right one is still working George's hardness, albeit more sloppily than before, fist too loose to bring any *real* satisfaction.

"Can you like-" George reaches down and wraps his fingers around Dream's, tightening Dream's hand on his cock.

"Oh shit yeah, sorry." without looking away from his phone Dream quickens his moves, drawing a groan from George. "Hey siri. What is the definition of we-wet." He stumbles on the last word as George wedges a finger underneath the head of his dick, right where he knows Dream is sensitive.

Siri's voice comes out of Dream's speaker. "Covered or saturated with water or another liquid." Dream's siri is set to female. George grimaces.

"See! 'Covered or saturated with water.'" He throws his phone back on the mattress. "How can *water* be covered or- or saturated with *water* ."

In a situation where it's not exactly the easiest to logically gather his thoughts, George thinks. Because technically he knows that Dream has a point. But he still doesn't agree. It's stupid. Water is fucking wet. Dream is an idiot.

But at the same time, Dream is also maybe less of an idiot, as he moves his tightened fist up, to the very tip, squeezes his fingers, and then drags it down, George's cock slowly emerging through the tight opening.

"Fuck." He closes his eyes, forgets about all water. Dream's other hand is now on his thigh, kneading it firmly.

"Good?" He asks, voice all low and raspy, and so much more effective at keeping his arousal than bloody *female siri* .

"Mid." he replies, half a mind kept not to expand Dream's already enormous ego.

"Bullshit." Dream chuckles, and George hates how cocky he sounds, so he matches the kneading of Dream's own hand, but instead of Dream's thigh, he captures Dream's balls and squeezes. Dream

hisses. "You fucker!"

In retaliation Dream digs his fingernails into George's thigh. It only makes George grind his hips harder into Dream's palm. The smirk that appears on Dream's face shouldn't be so smug. But it's whatever. George eases the attack on his balls, and instead plays with them in a gentler manner.

Again, getting into the feeling, George closes his eyes.

"So did I win?"

George's eyebrows draw together as he lets out a gasp. Damn Dream's skilled hands.

"Win what?"

"The argument," he says and George, with many regrets, opens his eyes once more. "You agree that water is not wet."

"I can assure you, I definitely *do not* ." He stands his ground. Dream and his talk of definitions can be damned.

"But water can't be covered with water George. Therefore it can't be wet." Dream insists and God does George want to shut him up. He looks at Dream's mouth briefly.

Okay. Maybe he doesn't exactly want to *shut him up* per se. It's still fucking interesting, however much George doesn't want it to be. It still makes the logic-loving part of his brain light up with questions and potential answers. Even as other-things-loving parts want that part to die at this moment and get into chasing an orgasm.

"Hmm..." It's kind of comedic how in every silence there's a background of skin-slapping noises.
"If you think about it, water is, like, covered with water."

"No it's not." Dream immediately responds. "What?"

"Like. Water molecules are always covered in water molecules. So water is always wet, because each individual molecule is covered in more of them."

Dream opens his mouth for a rebuttal. Then closes it and frowns.

Unfortunately, in doing so, he also stops his hand. At first George waits a bit, but when Dream seems just too lost in thought, he whines (ignoring how much of a desperate sound it comes out as) and fucks into Dream's fist, nudging closer.

That seems to get his attention. Dream moves his other arm, too, fingers caressing along the line of George's thigh, stopping at his hip where he grabs and pulls him in.

"Okay, first of all..." he hesitates, glancing down, observing the way they both pleasure each other for a second. "that was hot. Second of all-" he starts his other point quickly, as if to move the attention away from what his first point was and *oh okay*. George's head still files it away for later. "-Water molecules together are still just wa- *fuck that's good* - water. Like, you wouldn't say an apple is surrounded by- by more apple, just because there's many apple molecules in there."

How are they both still visibly getting off even through this? George has no idea, but Dream's breathy groans and a still very hard dick is proof enough that he's still into what they're doing, no matter how much his head is focused on stupid fucking water.

And, whatever, maybe the pearl of pre-cum on George's own cock and the way he has to keep sounds down, are also proof that this 'argument' (if he can even call it that) is not in any way an

obstacle.

"An apple is not water, though." He laughs with his answer, ready to completely defend his next point. "Like, you can have one apple. It has like, different things in it. But you can't have one water. So you can get down to molecules with it, it makes sense."

Dream ponders on that for a while. And as much as George found the back and forth entertaining, he was also getting fucking closer and he'd much rather not come while talking about water molecules.

"Okay. So you're saying a singular molecule of water is still water, yeah?"

"Yeah." And it's both a confirmation of his point, and a breathy encouragement of Dream's fist.

"So if we had a singular molecule of water, you'd say it's not wet?"

George scoffs, the sound transforming into a moan halfway through. Dream is talking like a bloody chemistry teacher, but thanks to the fact that George never once stops jerking him off, there's so many sounds peaking through his sentences, so many groans that are making him sound like he's straight out of a fucking porn video.

"Sure, yeah."

"So what you're saying is- *Fuck, George* " There's a pause, as he buckles his hips, moans at a particularly tight and quick drag of George's fist. "What y-you're saying is- is- water, the concept of water as a m- molecule, is not wet. So I'm right."

"I am *definitely* not saying that." he gasps, then looks up and god, the gaze Dream holds him under

should be fucking outlawed. It's unfair, but also kind of helpful, as thanks to it even more pre-cum helps lubricate Dream's strokes.

"Just say I'm right George." Dream murmurs, moving closer, speaking almost into George's mouth.

"You are not right. You're an idiot." George retaliates, not proud of how his body seems to have a mind of its own, being drawn closer to Dream like a magnet.

"You know that's not true." Dream digs his nails into George's hip this time and George moans, one that he was not able to hold back, taken by surprise with the sensation. He feels more pre-cum being swiped away by Dream's thumb, before it presses on the sensitive tip.

George's fingers abandon Dream's testicles and instead fly up, taking anchor in Dream's hair, wrapped in it, bringing him closer in the process, whining right in between his parted lips.

"God you're so fucking hot George." And Dream says it with a rasp, with more dragging of hips, until their respective hands brush against each other with each stroke of the other's cock, and George has half a mind to want to ask '*hot in a funny way, right?*'.

He doesn't. Instead, he raises his leg, hooking his ankle with Dream's. "Yeah?" He exhales and it pairs with Dream's inhale, as if inviting him in. Without thinking about it he lets his tongue trace Dream's lower lip, before flicking it up and retracting it back into his own mouth.

"Fuck yeah." Dream really does sound like he fucking means it. He sounds like he's close, too, so George, generously, speeds up. "Fuck. Hot and fucking smart as hell, too."

At that, George can't help but giggle, even if it mixes with more moans. "Smart? What, you one of those people who gets off on intelligence or something?" he's winded, the sentence too long for the shallow breaths he keeps taking.

"Maybe I am." Dream teases back, a smile that George can feel against his own mouth. "Maybe I'm incredibly turned on about our water discussion."

He's definitely joking, George knows that tone, but there seems to be some truth in it, too. Even chasing climax, he wants to chase an explanation for it with it.

"Yeah? Molecule talk gives you a hard on?" he grinds forward again. Their hands keep brushing.

He expects Dream to laugh it off. "I love- I love how you always have something to contribute." he starts, and as George's heart jumps, he thinks, Dream really should be careful about his choice of words while in bed with someone. "You don't just- don't just agree. You always- *holy shit* - You always add your thoughts. And they're always so fucking smart."

George can't help the huge smile. He traces his lips on Dream's jaw now, finger's still threading through hair. "Oh I'm just so smart am I? You just- you just *love* when I argue with you about molecules." Dream just huffs a laugh, chasing after George's mouth, trapping his lower lip in between his teeth.

"Yes. The smartest." And fuck, it pulls at the bottom of his abdomen, bringing more heat with it. "I bet Sapnap doesn't even know the word 'molecule'"

George groans loudly, not in satisfaction this time. "Can you not mention Sapnap when I'm literally about to nut."

Dream laughs, loud and breathy and beautifully full of pleasure, then finally brings him in, connecting their mouths in a sloppy kiss.

It's still good, definitely good enough to distract him from talk of Sapnap and molecules and water, as he kisses back, tongue eagerly meeting Dream's. They move together, George's leg sliding even

more over Dream's, feeling the muscles of his thigh every time he grinds forward into George's palm.

George comes first, sudden, pressing into it and not caring what part of him was touching what part of Dream, just wanting more, as Dream leads him through it. His gasps get lost in between Dream's lips, muffled by their kiss with the height of it peaking, body tense. His muscles only seem to relax with Dream's hand slowing.

Dream doesn't seem too far, either, and even in the tiredness of a post-orgasm haze, George changes the tempo, tightening his fist at the top, loosening it at the bottom, working Dream's cock more and more, until, with the help of George pulling at his hair, Dream comes, too. His teeth dig into George's bottom lip, suck on it during the climax, hands firmly on George's sides, gripping his waist tight.

They both slump on their backs, deep breaths the only thing exchanged between them for a few moments. The release of tension, ironically, tended to bring more tension of another kind, right after, and George was never in the right state of mind to analyse it.

Not that he would even if he was. It didn't matter up till this moment, and it doesn't matter now, as they both gather their thoughts in silence, calming their breathing, gaining strength back.

And as George suspects, they both tend to come to the conclusion that a few minutes of tense silence is just not at all that important.

Or maybe he's just an idiot, and the tension lives only in his head, somehow escaping the '*weird things about Dream and I that I probably made up*' drawer of his repression wardrobe.

"God I'm hungry." Dream speaks after a few minutes, and it doesn't matter, anyway.

"Make me food."

"Make your own food, dumb-ass." Dream throws back, no malice, all mirth, and as he dresses up and leaves for the kitchen, George knows whatever Dream makes, he'll make enough for two.

Chapter End Notes

anyways, let me know if you think water is wet

MCC

Chapter Notes

this came out longer than intended and also i'm publishing it sooner than I planned because i got my MF LAPTOP BACK lmao. enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Unsurprisingly, their stupid water argument leaked over to their everyday lives.

Dream ranted about it, brought it up to Sapnap, brought it up to his mum, and even brought it up on a bloody discord podcast.

In the end, he always came back to discussing it with George. And it was kind of expected, nobody else really gave him the same energy back. Sapnap seemed to just immediately agree with his point, coming to a conclusion that water is definitely not wet. Dream's mum was mostly just nodding along, neither saying that he was right nor wrong. And chat, well, they either laughed, agreed, or begged him to move on.

George didn't back out though. Adding to his original argument, he expanded it more and more. To his defence, when he was first presented with Dream's side, he *was* in a situation which made his logic skills slightly less ideal. Which is why he was thankful that no more molecule talk happened while they got each other off.

Not for the lack of effort from Dream's part, of course. George knew Dream would try to one up him again, but he usually just found ways to shut him up. Either with a kiss or with his dick in Dream's mouth.

Even so, he had to admit, Dream's point *was* kind of based, making more sense the more he listened to it. Weirdly, he could admit (not out loud. Never.) that Dream was *kind of* right. Depending on the outlook on the situation. Still, he stood his ground, because they were *both* kind of right, even if it resulted in heated discussions, way too loud for the late hours of 4am.

(It was okay. Those usually ended with them deciding there's no point in moving into two separate rooms, when they could just... stay. And definitely not cuddle. And then accidentally get wrapped in each other in the middle of their slumber.)

It was only a bit over a week of exchanging back and forth opinions, when Dream's focus shifted completely. And George, again, wasn't surprised. (Was anything about Dream a surprise at this point, really?) As the MCC teams got announced he *did* expect Dream to get swept up in everything and anything MCC related.

They weren't on the same team, which was a bummer. But this *was* the first MCC they actually partook in since George arrived a little over a month ago. All three of them skipped the last one, deciding instead to focus on getting adjusted to being in the same space for a while. They had watched it together on the TV though, making bets on which teams are going to win and who will place where on individual scores.

But by taking part in this MCC, it was also the first time George could witness first hand how much preparation Dream actually went through. Watching Dream train and explain strategies to his teammates, form plans with them, was kind of exhilarating, in a way that he really, *really* didn't want to acknowledge.

But if he made just a bit more sexual jokes, and ended up with his hands and mouth on Dream's cock a bit more often, then that was, of course, just a coincidence.

And by the time MCC rolled around, the 'Is water wet?' dilemma was forgotten and buried.

And then MCC happened, all shouting and excitement and adrenaline and laughter. George knew his own team was not going to make it after the first three games, but both Dream's and Sapnap's had a fair chance, constantly switching in between the second and third place between themselves.

When it all came to an end, Sapnap's team won.

Both Dream and George burst into his room afterwards, George with his iconic 'WOOOO!' and Dream full of congratulations, making the chat in Sapnap's stream freak out, not used yet to hearing them all interact in the same room.

And now, with the adrenaline from MCC still buzzing in their bodies, Dream and George retreated to Dream's bedroom, Sapnap still streaming, deciding to play Valorant with Punz for the next few hours.

But as George gets out of Dream's bathroom, having taken a post-MCC shower, then sits down on Dream's bed right next to where Dream is sitting, and chatters excitedly about his best clutches of

the event, he can't help but notice Dream's energy has deflated.

"That's great George." Dream responds to a long winded re-telling George does of a particularly challenging trap in Sands of Time, mind clearly drifting away. "Can't wait to watch your POV." he smiles and it's just so *nice*. It's a nice smile, but that's it.

It only took George a few weeks to figure out all of Dream's smiles. There's the teasing one, of course, a smile that is usually followed closely with lips chasing lips or hands down underwear. Then there's his '*George is an idiot*' smile, a little bit softer, eyebrows raised, awfully similar to the one he gives Patches when she's being a menace. There is also the arguments-smile, which, albeit very close to the idiot-smile one, is just a tad more playful, at times turning tad more *done*.

(There's also one reserved only for early mornings or late nights, or when George catches Dream watching him, when he thought George wasn't looking. He doesn't give that one a name, but still recognises it with a tightness to his stomach and a jolt in his heartbeat.)

Point being, this smile is just *nice*. And Dream doesn't do just *nice*, not to George at least.

And that's when George realises, that while this was the first time he saw Dream prepare for MCC in person, it was *also* the first time he saw him *lose* MCC in person, and *oh*.

"How about you?" George asks, as casual as he can, trying to feel out if that's what it's about. "How did you do?"

Dream looks up, eyes a bit more in focus and less staring into space. He takes a deep breath, then frowns, thoughtfully. George has a weird urge to reach out his hand and smooth the wrinkles between Dream's eyebrows with his thumb. He traps his hands between his thighs, squeezing.

"Eh." The younger shrugs. "I feel like I could've done better." his shoulders are slumped and he still has that reflective look on his face. He's thinking too much again.

George's instincts urge him to tell Dream he sucks, maybe laugh at him, maybe even tell him he's terrible at Minecraft. But the thing is, even without being in Dream's physical proximity, he learned how Dream gets when he overthinks. It's just that now it's easier to spot it. So he knows, that no matter how much he wants to cringe at himself for being '*genuine*' and '*honest*' (ew), he has to at least try. Even if it's in his own way.

"You got third individual." He does a big, over exaggerated eye-roll. "That's the top three. Top 15%. It's like, S-tier."

Dream still looks as if he's replaying every time he has made even the tiniest mistake. "Reddit won't think so." he grumbles. "They seem to think I've fallen off. A-tier, they said." he picks up his phone from where it's lying next to him on the bed. "God, I wonder what they're saying now."

George eyes the phone and assesses. Dream is upset. Some people on Reddit are mean to Dream. Dream tends to fixate on mean comments, then think and think and think, until a whole paragraph forms itself in his head, and he has no choice but to type it out, prompting even more mean people to respond, and the cycle continues.

George grabs Dream's phone out of his hand before the orange logo even has time to disappear from Dream's screen, then throws it further away, onto the bed. Dream doesn't reach for it, but still raises a questioning eyebrow.

"Reddit doesn't know shit." George scoffs. "How are you A-tier? Them saying that, is proof enough they just say bullshit."

"Obviously I'm not A-tier, but still." Now that he has no phone to hold, Dream starts cracking his knuckles. "I fucked up in ways that *I know* will just be like, proof to them that they were right."

There's a pause in which the silence is only interrupted by the clicking of bones. Second one. George flinches. Third one, he grimaces. Fourth one.

"Stop that." Within a second George's palms grab onto Dream's two hands, separating them abruptly. "You're an idiot. Reddit is a bunch of idiots. They know nothing about minecraft. You're S-tier. You're better than all of them *and* all of the other MCC players, combined."

Dream's gaze shifts from vacant and absent to scarily focused right on George in a second. A shiver of shame creeps down George's spine, but he tries not to let it show on his face. He wasn't *really* supposed to say all that, but it kind of slipped out. The irritation at Reddit and its effect on Dream's mood, combined with Dream's annoying ass knuckle-cracking just kind of... Tipped him over the edge. Of *genuineness*, out of all things. The most embarrassing kind of outburst.

"Well..." Dream sounds more sure of himself now, at least, than a minute ago. "I don't know if *that's* true" A beginning of a smile plays on his expression. "Those guys know their shit." the

words leave his mouth at the same time as his fingers grab onto George's.

George, frankly, forgot that he's still holding onto Dream's hands. His fingers bend under Dream's lead, pliant to how Dream wants to move them for him. It's almost as if his hands are a replacement for one of the small toys that Dream keeps on his desks, fidgets with sometimes. Now it's George's fingers he's fidgeting with.

"I know better than them." George responds, focus shifting from where they're touching, back up to Dream's face. "Didn't you say I'm the smartest?" Dream nods, corners of his mouth twitching. "See? That means I'm *clearly* right." The explanation feels shabby at best but he goes with it. "I bet they don't even know what a molecule is."

The smile finally breaks out, and wow, the '*George is an idiot*' smile might definitely be a contestant for George's favourite. "You're so dumb." is being followed right behind it, because of course it is, George wouldn't expect anything less from it.

He smiles too, wide and bright and *wow*, is the feeling of making Dream's mood improve, even if just slightly, addicting. He wants to make Dream feel even better.

George makes a big, dramatic groan. "Okay, fine!" he slips off of the bed, onto his knees. "I guess if you *insist* I *will* suck your dick as a pick-me-up."

Dream almost chokes on air, letting out a shocked "*WHAT?*" followed by a disbelieving guffaw. "I didn't even ask anything!" still, there's glee in it, as his eyes follow George's movements, as his legs part to accommodate George sliding in between them.

"Yeah, and I still offered." With a touch of lingering and hesitancy he withdraws his fingers out of Dream's grasp, and directs them instead to the band of Dream's sweatpants. "Because I'm an amazing friend. You're *welcome*."

Dream lifts his hips off of the bed, hands helping George guide down his pants and his boxers with one pull.

"You are." Dream says and actually sounds like he means it. "Thank you for trying to make me feel better." He threads his digits through George's hair, tips of his nails grazing at the skull in a delicate manner.

"It's so that I don't have to hear you complain." it's almost automated, his reaction to sincerity, deflecting instead of accepting.

Dream reads through him, the bastard. "I don't believe that. I think you *care* about me." He sounds so fucking smug, way too cocky considering his dick is right in front of George's face.

"I'm going to bite your cock off." George murmurs and as Dream laughs, he slips said cock into his mouth, not even bothering to make Dream hard first.

It earns him a gasp, then a moan as he seals the tip of Dream's dick with his lips and sucks, tongue flicking the sensitive skin. He hears the intake of a sharp breath above him, feels the tug of the fist in his hair. With one hand being an anchor on Dream's thigh, he uses his other to wrap around the hardening member, lowering his head down, his tongue on the underside of the length.

"Holy cow." Dream is already winded and George hates that it sounds hot, because with that specific phrase it absolutely fucking shouldn't. "You give such good head, George."

George moves back up, watching the effect he has on Dream's body. "I'm good at everything, so obviously." he throws, half-heartedly. And, well, it might not be the *only* reason why, but there is definitely no need to get into that.

Instead, he directs all his attention back where it's needed, putting Dream's cock halfway in his mouth, then focusing on the other half with a firm grasp.

It only takes a few gentle swipes of his tongue on the expanse of skin in his mouth, and a moment of sucking in air, cheeks hollowed, for Dream to get fully hard. And, god, George has to admit that the feeling of the hardness coming to life, filling in his mouth more and more, is no less than exhilarating.

"You really are though George, holy shit-" it's half spoken half groaned, with an accompanying pull to George's hair. George lets himself move lower, taking more of Dream in, doesn't care about the spit pooling at the bottom of his mouth. "Jesus."

He sounds hot. He looks kind of hot, too, even at the unflattering angle of looking up at him from all the way down at his crotch. And when his dick twitches at their eye-contact, hitting the roof of George's mouth, George can't take it anymore.

He moves his free hand down, palming his very insistent erection through his shorts, moaning around Dream's cock. There's a jolt of relief, then a wave of satisfaction as he presses harder, hips rutting into his own touch.

"Wait, no." Dream reaches then, pushing George's hand away from where he's pleasuring himself. George glares at him, because *what the fuck*, but Dream just pouts. "Don't. I wanna make you come later."

For fucks sake. This would be easier if the way with which Dream says that *didn't* make him absolutely throb in his underwear, but whatever. He doesn't reach again, instead focusing on bobbing his head along Dream's shaft.

And it goes as it always does. George finds that middle ground between making Dream's toes curl with how good it feels, but not making it *too* mindblowing, not wanting to appear *too* enthusiastic. He doesn't know if it could be passed off as part of their jokes, even with the excuse of cultural differences. '*Yeah Dream, absolutely gagging on cock is actually a part of classic English banter.*' would probably not fly.

It's like this, with George's tongue swirling under the tip, that Dream suddenly speaks.

"You did so well in Ace Race, by the way."

It's so out of the blue, disconnected from what they're doing completely. But Dream is still into the blowjob, quite clearly, gasping and groaning and gripping hair, so George is willing to ignore it. Being complimented on his Ace Race skills while sucking cock was hardly on the list of the weirdest things that ever happened to him.

"I kind of blundered that one." Dream speaks again, in between deep moans. "I should've aced the skips, but I fucked one up. I would've gotten first if I didn't."

George frowns. Now that was a bit harder to ignore, for a multitude of reasons. Dream's complaints are not about George's current performance, but they're still complaints. George hollows out his cheeks just a little bit more in hopes that he can pause the speeding train of thoughts in Dream's mind.

"Shit, that's good—" It works, Dream's hips reacting with a miniscule push, cock sliding just a bit deeper in, the hand George has wrapped on the base, pressing against his own mouth, blocking any

more access. Dream isn't *small* so this is still a lot, and technically he shouldn't be able to take it all.

All that considered, George is almost ready to count it as a success. But his apparent victory against Dream's brain doesn't even last a minute.

"It was such a fucking easy one, too." He continues his point, only real change being his wavering voice and breathy gasps. "I just clicked a little bit too late, because I got over-excited. But literally, Illumina just like, took over. That one mistake was enough to set me back so much."

George glances up. What was it with Dream and bringing up other men when George is trying to make him come? First it was Sapnap, now fucking *Illumina*.

"But I think Battle Box is when I really popped off though. *Shit, yeah like that.*" There's just a moment of silence as George lets his hand move along, following the trajectory of his mouth, before Dream continues. "Although I'm sure fucking *Reddit* won't think so, cause of that blunder with Yellow team. Which was only *half* my fault."

Well, at least he's not talking about Illumina anymore. Just continuously analysing his own performance in a Minecraft game, while George sucks his dick. It's not even the end of the world, and with the occasional whines and small reactions, George is willing to just let him talk it out. Tuning him out shouldn't be that hard, George has done it before.

"And then fucking *buildmart* happened and-"

Okay, buildmart is where George draws the line.

He moves away from Dream's cock, ignoring the string of saliva connecting it to his mouth.

"-What?" Dream stops his buildmart rant, thank god, and examines George with concern and a sliver of desperate disappointment. "Why'd you stop?"

George is not amused. "Because you're *moaning* about buildmart, when you should be *moaning* about my head skills, idiot."

"Oh." Dream has the decency to look sheepish at least. "Sorry. Got distracted."

"Yeah, no shit." George, of course, is kind of annoyed. But another part of him, the one that he's currently mentally beating up with an imaginary baseball bat, is also feeling an inkling of fondness. An inkling that gives him the urge to kiss Dream slowly, reassure him again, that he is indeed fucking incredible at what he does.

Yeah, that inkling has *nothing* on the fury he feels towards the fucking Reddit users and their stupid fucking comments that are making Dream overthink, though. If he could, he'd find every single one of those fuckers, and give them the same treatment he gives to said inkling of fondness: mentally beat them up with an imaginary baseball bat. Minus the 'mentally' and the 'imaginary'. He has a real bat, anyway, might as well make use of it.

"It's just so dumb though, just because this time I didn't match up to my own skills doesn't mean I *don't have them* ." Dream's volume rises, so does the speed at which he's talking. "I have the ability to be first, I *have* gotten first before. It's not like I'm losing my fucking skills."

"I know Dream." It's almost impossible to get Dream to stop when he's like this, so George just waits. Hand still wrapped around Dream's cock, knees starting to hurt a bit from the floor, his own dick straining in his shorts; he waits and listens to Dream rant about Minecraft Championships.

"Ugh, it's just so dumb. I'm not A-tier, I'm just *not* . Okay, I fucked up a battle box round today, *once*. If I was A-tier I would have, like, patterns of where I need to improve. But those things, the fuck ups I do, they're not *patterns* , there is nothing to improve! I just miss-click, or like, my finger slips off my keyboard. That's not a skill issue!"

Dream takes a deep breath, then shoots George an apologetic look.

"Sorry. Rant over." He reaches out, slides his fingers in George's hair. "Could you suck my dick again?"

George scoffs, a disbelieving laugh following. "You're impossible." He mutters, failing to stop the smile that really shouldn't be breaking out on his face right now. "I don't know, can I?" he tilts his head to the side. "It seems like I was doing so bad of a job you started thinking about *Ace Race* ."

"No! You weren't- Are you kidding? You're so fucking good at it." Dream is quick to reassure him, stumbling over his words. "I was literally thinking that it's one of the best blowjobs I've ever

received. And then it just turned to thinking about how like, skilled you are at things you do. And then I remembered your Ace Race run today and I had to tell you."

George doesn't blush. It's just kind of his rule of life, that he follows diligently. He doesn't blush, and if you see his cheeks turn a darker colour, then you're obviously a liar and probably colourblind. And George would know.

So he isn't blushing. He's not. His cheeks are just warm, and so is his neck, and so is the inside of his chest.

"And once I started thinking about MCC it was over." Dream is still explaining, still reassuring George that his blowjob skills are more than adequate. Which, he doesn't have to, it was a joke anyway, but at least that means he doesn't notice George definitely-not-blushing. "My thoughts get all over the place anyway, and adding the hyperness from MCC they just got ahead of me. My brain just doesn't shut the fuck up." He giggles, but it sounds more frustrated than humoured. "But, like, the starting point was definitely me thinking you give amazing head."

George stares at Dream during his clarification, eyes fixated on his face. It's baffling, the things Dream willingly admits, things that George wouldn't *ever* think of saying out loud. There's an ease to his words, as if completely unaware of what effect they have on George. That exact ease at which he confesses fantasising about George's apparent talents, ignites a need within him that he doesn't want to muffle this time.

He moves both of his hands to prop himself up on Dream's thighs and lifts himself towards the younger, lips crashing against his. It's quick but still thorough, hardly a peck, George's lips a rewarding constant of pressure.

"I'm about to make that '*one of the best blowjobs*' you've ever received, into a firm number one, the best blowjob of your life." George whispers against Dream's mouth, fingers digging into the flesh of his thighs. "And that's a fucking promise."

He doesn't give Dream time to respond. He gets himself back down, wraps his lips back around Dream's (still somehow hard) dick, and in one swift movement slides *all the way down*.

The effect is instantaneous.

"Wh- *holyfuckingshit* " Dream almost chokes on air, the fingers that were leaving gentle traces in

his hair, now gripping on for dear life.

George doesn't stop there, taking the last bit of Dream's cock in as far as he can, then *swallows* around him, walls of his throat contracting around the tip. Dream whines out a string of swears, gasping for breath as George retreats, lips a tight seal around the thickness. When he gets to the very top, he licks at the slit, twirls his tongue just under the head. Continuing, he moves down again, mapping the pulsing veins with a wet trail, until the tip of Dream's cock is deep in his throat again.

“Wha- What the fuck-” Dream's voice is shaky, covered with bewilderment.

Okay, so maybe he's been holding back this whole time. The thing is, he could hardly go into what Dream assumed to be his first blow-job, and immediately deep-throat the guy. It would probably raise some questions, and George really didn't feel like having the *'Surprise! I've had multiple sexual encounters with men in the past.'* talk. Not then, not now and possibly not ever.

So in Dream's eyes, when George speeds up, letting himself engulf Dream with each bob of his head, the reason he doesn't really gag is probably just pure talent and determination. And George is okay with that, letting Dream fuck his throat (well, more like fuck his own throat with Dream's cock), letting the gargling sounds fill out the room, letting Dream keep the strong hold on his hair.

And in return he gets a melody of whines, gasps and groans that tests the promise he made to Dream about keeping his hands out of his own boxers. They're broken up with cut out swears and choked half-praises, Dream trying to do his best to form cohesive words, but without much success, and if this is a fool-proof way to get Dream to stop talking, well, George is going to have to invest in some cough drops.

“G-gonna come” Dream stutters out, noticeably putting great effort into making it understandable.

Within a few seconds, he does, George swallowing with practised ease, locked at the base of his dick, letting it weigh on his tongue until Dream slides him off. He adjusts his stiff jaw, moving his mouth to ease it, then looks up at Dream.

“Fuck.” The hand that was already on George's head is joined by another one, then both of them slide down to his cheeks, holding his face gently. “George. George. *What?* ” Dream's bafflement is amusing, his eyes full of wonder, looking at George as if George just solved world hunger, not just merely sucked him off.

“Yeah, I’m a master at everything I do. No big deal.” There’s a rasp to his voice now, as he speaks in a light tone, shrugging.

“Holy shit. Wanna get you off so bad.”

“Well, if you *have* to.” George sighs, as if Dream touching him as soon as possible isn’t his number one priority right now. He stands up, ready to get on the bed, but the sudden pressure below his abdomen definitely pushes the priority to number two. “Hold on, gotta piss first.”

“Hurry up.” Dream’s voice follows him as he gets himself to the bathroom. “Just like, rinse your dick after, or something.” He adds just before George closes the door.

It takes George a tiny bit of manoeuvring to manage to pee with a boner, but he succeeds in the end, even washing his hands afterwards *and* rinsing his dick in the sink, just like Dream requested. He doesn’t see the point in putting his boxers back on after, just sliding them off completely and leaving them lying on the bathroom floor.

When he opens the door, Dream is sitting further up on the bed, back resting on the headboard, legs spread out on the mattress. There’s a *phone* in his hand, too, and *oh god*, he’s *typing*.

“Are you on Reddit?” George asks, as he makes his way across, climbing on the mattress.

“No.” Dream looks up at him with a guilty face, and it’s the most unconvincing ‘no’ George has ever heard. He straddles Dream’s hips in one quick move, reaching his hand for Dream’s phone with a questioning eyebrow raised. “...Okay, yeah.”

George rolls his eyes, grabs the phone out of Dream’s grip, and after locking the screen, puts it on the bedside table.

“I just gave you the best blowjob of your life. You should be focused on *me*.” to draw his point across he twists on Dream’s lap, dragging his erection against Dream’s abdomen.

“I am!” Dream’s hands grip at his hips. “Believe me, I really am.” he leans down, lips brushing just above George’s collarbone. “I just... keep thinking of other things, too. It’s like my stupid ADHD brain has all these tabs open, and each of them is running, and they’re all different things.” he explains. “And it, like, switches in between them all the time, just at random.”

George's eyes follow as Dream moves back, not before granting a small kiss to George's neck. His arms reach out, elbows resting on Dream's shoulders.

"Well, tell your ADHD brain to switch all those tabs to be open on different GeorgeNotFound social media accounts." he comments, a smile playing up on his face. As Dream snorts out a laugh, he moves closer, lips right by Dream's temple. "Hello? ADHD brain? Do you follow stickyboy69 on Tik Tok?"

"You're so dumb." Dream pushes him away with a laugh, but George gets right back in his previous spot, now raising his voice, speaking directly into Dream's ear.

"Subscribe to GeorgeNotFound on YouTube and twitch.tv/georgeno-"

This time there are lips on his, palms sliding up under his shirt, right on his waist. He can feel the stretch of Dream's mouth against him, the unmistakable feeling of a smile, as Dream kisses him with an agenda, lips parting lips, tongues meeting.

It's short and sweet and makes his head spin, even still as Dream moves back.

"Excuse me. You interrupted my talk with your brain." he comments, trying not to sound as winded as he feels. "I was trying to make sure all the tabs are what they need to be."

Dream rolls his eyes. "My brain already has a George Extension installed, don't worry. No matter what tab I'm on, you're always on a top overlay window." instead of a joke, he phrases it like it's a fact, an underline of 'duh!' in the tone. George searches his face for sarcasm and finds nothing.

"You say that, and yet you're still not getting me off." he quips back, ignoring everything else. It was so much easier to look over comments like this before they got comfortable in their *bit*, before lips meeting lips was a regular thing that came as easy as talking. "You should update your extension."

"Okay." Dream closes his eyes for a second, then opens them again, mischief written all over him. "Update completed. There was a patch note."

“A Patches note.” George says without thinking. “What does it say?”

Dream frowns with feigned disarray. “Huh. It says something about... Cake? Wait...” There’s a dramatic gasp, as he can barely hold his smile back. “Oh my god. I think it wants me to eat your ass.”

George laughs, a small giggle accompanied by a tug at the bottom of his stomach. “Oh, does it now.” He’s heard that comment before, many times, but the decision of letting the joke slip within the confined space of George’s promised orgasm, is a taunting one.

“That’s so crazy. What do you think about that?” Dream should not be looking so cheeky, a reckless comment thrown into the air. What does that even mean? What is he asking? Is this still a joke? It must be, of course, but, well, their jokes tended to end with a certain follow up recently.

“I mean. An update is an update.” George decides on saying, a careful, unassuming neutral statement.

“So true!” Dream’s clutch on his waist eases, soothing circles rubbing into the skin. “I guess there’s no other way.” There is a certain shyness within the unhurried drag oh hands as they slide down, hesitating for a second at the hips, then finishing their journey at the curve of George’s ass.

“Are you-”

“Can I eat you out?” Dream asks and George’s dick *twitches*, to his own horror, very hard to miss against Dream’s abdomen. And of course Dream notices, it was not subtle at all. “Well?” He still follows up, as if he doesn’t know the answer, fingers gripping George’s ass with more confidence now, with a satisfied quirk of the lip.

“Just fucking get to it.” George mutters, and with a gleeful chuckle, Dream picks him up, getting him in a position that gets him the most access.

There’s no more distractions that night, just George’s face in a pillow, Dream’s tongue in him, and a collection of muffled whines.

Chapter End Notes

please consider leaving a comment. next chapter no longer than a week from now as it's almost done :]

Juggling

Chapter Notes

thanks for all the comments, feedback really motivates me to write. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In the next three weeks, George found himself in a bit of a conundrum.

Up till now, things were quite straightforward. Him and Dream hung out together, and sometimes a sexual joke would be made. That joke would be followed with slight teasing and light touches, until one of them made that final leap, and the joke became reality. That was simple and predictable.

But seemingly, ever since the night Dream asked if he can eat George out, following with an experience that George didn't even *think* could feel that good, some kind of *switch* has been flicked. A shift in the way Dream approached him, subtle at first, but becoming more and more apparent as the days went by.

The kissing wasn't ... A joke anymore. Well, it *was*. But it also wasn't.

Before, there were two potential reasons a kiss would start.

Reason one; a joke or a *bit* about kissing was made. That one was self-explanatory, of course, it was the very thing that started this whole situation, and it stayed constant throughout it without issue. Sometimes Dream would say something akin to '*You want to kiss me sooo bad.*' or something equally stupid, followed by George's '*You wish*' and a few minutes of back and forth, mischievous smiles, and an ending of mouths meeting. Sometimes it was George, words more on the nose, closer to uttering a 'sarcastic' response of '*Wanna taste it?*' when Dream asked if his lip balm had a flavour, lips crashing immediately after.

Simple, to the point, foolproof. As it all started.

Reason two; a joke or a *bit* of *sexual* nature was made. Those, of course, had quite a high percentage of being followed by actual physical actions, be it handjobs or blowjobs. During those, there was an unspoken rule that kissing was allowed at any and all points. It simply went together,

kissing and orgasms.

That reason was quite simple, too.

Sometimes, the line was a bit... blurred. Sometimes, a joke came right after a kiss (*'Had to shut you up, you were annoying.'*) or didn't quite come through as humorous as it could've, a little bit too genuine (*'Bad day. Bet your mouth would make it better'*). But in the end, there was always a joke to fall on, to explain what they were doing. No matter how much of a stretch it was, there was one.

But now, out of nowhere, kissing sort of... happened.

A few days after the unforgettable instance of Dream's tongue being buried deep in George, they woke up cuddled together. That was not new, it tended to happen while they stayed over in each other's beds, and when their talks, or *activities*, stretched into late night or early morning hours, it was convenient to fall asleep together.

What was new about that day, however, was that Dream pulled him close and *kissed him*, no funny quip as a warning, no joke as a follow-up. Just a chaste, lingering kiss, followed by a grumbled *'Good Morning'*. And as if this was something they did, he kissed him again. And again, and again, until he retreated down George's body and gave him the best blowjob Dream (or anyone) has ever given him.

Then he went to the bathroom. Casually, a smile on his face, said he's gonna take a shower and *left*. And all George could do was lie in bed, confused out of his mind, thinking, *what the hell just happened*.

And after that, it *kept happening*. A random kiss, leading to them getting off, not preceded or followed by any acknowledgment of *the bit*. He didn't comment on it, obviously, nor did he try to stop it. After all, their regular instances still happened. Dream joked about eating his ass, which brought another night full of biting onto the pillow. George joked about being rewarded with a blowjob for completing tasks that he needed to complete anyway, which Dream always kept his promise on. So it wasn't an entire 180 of their dynamic.

Still, when the *questions* came, George didn't know how to react at first.

'Wanna take a shower together?' Dream asked one time, to which George, of course, responded

with a '*You wish*'. And instead of following up with more teasing and joking, like a *normal* person who is in a committed comedic bit with their best friend would do, he smiled, said '*Alright, join me if you change your mind*' and went to get a shower. (And two minutes later, so did George.)

'*Can we cuddle?*' Dream asked another time, both of them naked, calming their breaths, interrupting their usual silence that tended to follow their climax. George, out of pure habit, being used to making fun of Dream's obvious signs of *simpery*, snickered out an '*Oh you would want to cuddle me naked*'. At that, Dream fucking *pouted*, inched a little closer, and pressed a kiss against George's shoulder. '*Do you not want to?*' He whispered and George suddenly had the utmost urge to stand up, leave the room, enter his own, and scream into the pillow. (He wanted to. They did. Whatever.)

And then, one day, a question came in the middle of yet another instance of George on all fours, ass in the air, Dream's tongue doing wonders past his rim. This time, Dream moved away and asked '*Can I use my fingers?*' and George, learning from his previous instances of not taking Dream's questions seriously, groaned out a breathy but confident, and in retrospection a bit *too* enthusiastic, '*Yes*'.

So those were the two alterations he had to get used to. One, the kisses weren't always jokes. Two, the questions weren't always jokes. But sometimes they both still were.

It was, honestly, giving him a headache.

And that was where George's conundrum came to place. Because if kisses that Dream started and questions that Dream asked weren't always jokes, did that mean that the same could happen the other way around?

Could George, maybe...

It sits in his mind, the potential to reach, no need to come up with a joke. The potential to ask for something he *wants*, something that, honestly, he thought Dream was gonna suggest much earlier. It sits and it festers and makes him anxiously await every question Dream asks.

And as he stares holes into the side of Dream's head, both of them sitting in George's bed, scrolling on their phones, he decides that he's waited long enough.

But, easier said than done.

Just kiss him, half of his brain suggests, while the other half very vehemently insists, *if you don't make it a joke, he's gonna **know*** '.

So he's a bit stuck. Stuck, sitting in the stupid bed with his stupid phone opened on stupid Twitter, staring at Dream instead of his screen, thumb scrolling absentmindedly to keep the screen alive.

Move idiot, he tells himself but sits still. *Lean in. Just do it*. Not a single muscle of his body moves. *You're such a pussy, dude*, and okay, why does that specific inner voice sound so much like Sapanap??? He truly does not need a Sapanap in his head while he's trying to make out with Dream. Frankly, Sapanap is the last thing he wants to be thinking about right now.

"Hey, look at this." Dream suddenly exclaims, phone moving in George's direction. George glances at it. His head is constantly going 'you're a pussy dude' over and over in a Sapanap voice. He needs to shut it up.

Without registering what it is that Dream is trying to show him, he grabs the phone out of Dream's hand, locks it, and puts it on the bed, right with his own.

"What are y-" Dream doesn't have time to finish his question, before George moves up and climbs over his thighs, situating himself right on Dream's hips.

They look at each other for a second. Dream looks surprised at first, eyes wide and focused on George's face. George bites his bottom lip, not missing the way it catches Dream's attention, as his palms travel and rest on George's waist. He shouldn't be nervous, he really shouldn't, they did this so many times. It was a constant in their lives at this point, a regular *thing*.

"Hi." Dream says, propping himself vertical against the headboard, as a smile eases into his features.

"Hi." George responds, and it's so dumb, so fucking dumb that he can't help but let out a nervous giggle. "You busy?"

"Not really." he seems to take in the sight of George on his lap, hands tightening their grip on the waist. "Why? Anything on your mind?" There's a playfulness in it that puts him at ease, a comforting familiarity.

"Maybe." uncertainty hides well behind George's tone, forces the corners of his mouth to stay up, glued in a well-known jittery custom. He's always been like this, laughter bubbling up as a response to anxiety. At least now it could pass as giddiness.

Dream looks as if he wants to ask a follow-up question, but George doesn't let him. He surges forward, sudden and abrupt, lips slotting themselves with Dream's.

The hands on his middle still, and so does Dream for a second. It's a taunting moment, concern making itself known in the pit of George's gut. But just as quickly as it appeared, it's replaced by a buzz of excitement, as Dream reciprocates it tenfold, sitting up more, dragging George even closer by the hips.

The first time George thought about what it would be like to kiss Dream, it was shameful. Sitting in his room in his mother's house in London, he felt the thought slither into his consciousness, then shut it up immediately, pushing it deep, deep with any other unprecedented thoughts that he repressed over the years. There it stayed, unacknowledged and ignored, digging into his skull with guilt and shame.

The first time he let it linger, was much later, in the safety of his own apartment, within the quiet blanket of a late-night call. He listened to Dream's hushed rambles, not paying much attention to the topic, consciousness shifting into slumber, and suddenly the image was there. A kiss, so clear in his mind, a faceless person, a concept. And that time, under the comforting heaviness of his duvet, he let it sit, let it spread, let himself indulge.

There's a reminder of that memory in this kiss. With no excuses or jokes, lips on lips, and a want that George is not certain on how to express. He spreads his palms flat against Dream's chest, grips his shirt, and lets himself fall in, deeper and deeper, the need for breathing forgotten.

It catches up to him though, as eventually they both have to pull away, air heavy and hot between them.

"Fuck." Dream looks at him with amazement, chest heaving with breaths, an arm wrapped around him firmly, keeping George anchored to his body. "You're so..."

"So what?" George prompts, touching the expanse of Dream's chest, sliding down, around the lower side of Dream's abdomen, right where his shirt has ridden up.

“Hot.” Dream admits without any hesitation, kisses leading a gentle caress to the side of George’s neck. “So hot when you’re confident like this.” his teeth graze the skin, tongue in pair, exhaling deeply as George lets his fingers brush under the band of Dream’s boxers.

He’s feeling anything but confident, frankly, but he’s glad that he’s coming off as so. Following that surge of reassurance though, he pulls at the edge of Dream’s T-shirt, sliding it up. Dream loses his hold on him for a moment, helping George get rid of the piece of clothing. Before it’s back, George strips his own top off, too.

Within moments of skin showing, Dream’s mouth is on George’s collarbone, the pressure of suction creating a red mark, that George knows won’t stay for too long, no matter how much he wills it to. Dream follows with teeth again, trapping the sensitive bit of skin in a light hold. George’s hips grind down and *fuck*, Dream is half hard already, his dick rubbing George’s, a half groan exhaled onto George’s chest. George repeats the action with an agenda, a drag to his movements, getting a response in the form of a harder bite.

“Wanna get my fingers in you.” Dream murmurs, words leaving a trail from George’s chest to his neck, making him shiver in anticipation. That’s half of the problem of asking his question dealt with, Dream taking that first step towards George’s goal. He tries to move off, but Dream doesn’t let him, arm tight around George’s waist.

“I have to undress for that.” George chuckles, half amused and half turned on by Dream’s apparent inability to stop covering his skin with bite marks. When the grip eases slightly, albeit hesitantly, he slides off of Dream’s lap.

First go his sweatpants, then his boxers follow suit. Dream’s eyes are on him the whole time, welcoming each inch of uncovered skin with a persisting hunger in his eyes. It’s encouraging, even if a little bit overwhelming.

“Come back here.” Dream demands with a note of desperation, and George can’t help but let out another chuckle.

“Get naked first. Then I’ll think about it.”

He watches as Dream searches his expression, considers the request, then scrambles to get rid of his clothes, throwing them unceremoniously on the floor, where they land right next to George’s shirt. Only then does George return, thighs hugging the outer sides of Dream’s ones, cock heavy

with arousal.

Dream's impatient hands first land on George's hips, confidently retreating further, fingers digging into George's ass cheeks.

"You're like, obsessed with my ass." George comments, grinding his hips, pressing into Dream's hold.

"It's a good ass." To underline his words Dream squeezes it, pulling George towards him, where their erections brush each other, making them both moan.

The bottle of lube has been left somewhere in between the mattress and the bed frame, on the side, from when they last used it in George's bed. Dream seems to remember that, too, as pretty soon that's what he reaches for, struggling to find it at first, not wanting to stop leaving kisses along George's throat. As he finally gets it, George feels the triumphant smile against his jaw, and he can't help but smile, too.

The awareness of coldness on his rim has become an exhilarating sensation since they've first done this. Dream, as always, makes sure to ease him into it, circling the ring of muscles until it caves, as his body invites the first finger in with little effort.

In this position though, settled on Dream's lap, one of Dream's arms around his torso, holding him up, the other underneath him, working into his body, it's no less than astounding. The finger slides further in, George's breath stuck in his chest, before it settles, deep, accompanied by Dream's tongue on the junction of George's neck.

"Shit..." It never fails to amaze him, still, how much his body tunes into Dream's touch when they're like this, how much every single thought he usually prevents himself from having swims up to the corners of his awareness, agitating but, god, so persuasive.

Dream curls the digit inwards, already knowledgeable in the location of his weak points, and George bites down on his lip, hard, blocking any compromising sounds from escaping. He can't hold it for long, never can with the skillful press of Dream's fingers, and not a moment later an avalanche of sounds slips from his mouth.

"There, yeah?" Dream looks for affirmation, as if the whines George makes are not enough, as he continues to give attention to that same spot. "Jesus. You sound hot."

The laugh George makes is interrupted by a moan, as Dream moves his finger more, back and forth now, as well as pushing direct pressure.

"You think everything about me is hot." And it's half a humoured tease, half an amazed observation.

"I do." Another finger prods at George's rim, joins the first, as George's cock slides on Dream's abdomen, bumping against Dream's dick. "Fuck. You sound hot, you look hot, your ass is hot." he lists, working in and out of George, paying extra attention to his g-spot with each thrust of fingers.

"You really *are* obsessed with my ass." George surges forward with the force of the movement, arms on Dream's shoulders, hands tightening in Dream's blond locks.

"We've already established that." Dream confesses, in between sucking hickies, low enough so that they're not visible underneath a T-shirt. "Wanna finger you for hours."

A dangerous flame lights itself at the bottom of George's stomach, a possibility of a request forming itself between them. The setup is perfect, he won't have a better one if he waits too long.

"Oh yeah?" He starts, moving in tune with Dream's hand, sliding down on the fingers with each of the thrusts. "What else do you wanna do?"

It's not the most straightforward, but it sets the foundation right where George needs it, guiding them towards his desire.

"Eat you out, like, every day." Dream pushes in harder, fingertips an unrelenting onslaught to George's sweet spot. George loses focus for a moment, and whimpers right into Dream's ear, and again when he feels the results of that sound in the way Dream's cock seeks relief, flush with his own.

"What else?" he insists as he finds his words anew, threading fingers through Dream's hair. "What else do you wanna do?"

Dream grunts, a deep breath of a sound, teeth digging into the pulse point underneath George's jaw.

"George." He moans, and it sounds almost like a warning. "Don't be a tease."

"I'm not teasing." with a note of nervous glee, George scoffs against the side of Dream's head. He takes a deep breath, shivers of anticipation running up his back. *It's okay to ask.* "Do you want to fuck me?"

Dream's hips shoot up, fingers faltering for a split second. George takes it as a good sign, hand reaching down, wrapping around Dream's length that's trapped in between their bodies. He moves closer to Dream's ear, ready to ask once more.

"You could. If you wanted." it's not a question, but paired with his previous one, it frames itself into a request. The tension leaves his body, replaced by high hopes of a follow-up.

"You... Want to have sex?" Dream leans away, hand movements freezing, gaze firmly on George's face. He looks surprised, but not weirded out, and with some apprehension, George nods. "Like, dick-in-ass sex?"

"Oh my god." George scoffs, forehead resting on Dream's shoulder. "Why did you say it like *that*?"

"I'm just making sure!" George can hear the wide smile in the mere way Dream voices his words, and it's confirmed as he withdraws, as they're face to face again.

"Yes." He confirms, somewhere between a whisper and a grumble. "I want to have *dick-in-ass sex* with you, idiot."

The smile widens even more, before Dream pulls him into a kiss, breathy with their unstopping chuckles. His fingers resume their movement, thank god, and occasional moans join in, pushing into the air in between them. When Dream adds another finger, three in him now, it increases, and George can't keep up with the hunger of the mouth on his. He breathes and whimpers, pushing onto the fingers working him open, dick twitching with every little prod to his prostate.

He's impatient, though, especially when the reality of what's about to happen dawns on him.

There are condoms in his bedside drawer. He knows, because he put them there, having bought them *just in case* over two weeks ago, heading to the shop with sunglasses, a mask, and a hood on,

also *just in case*. He's glad he did it, no matter how much embarrassment buying them put him through, as he reaches towards the drawer, Dream's fingers slipping out of him.

He struggles a bit, taking one out of the box with jittery hands, but settles back on Dream when he's done, further down his thighs, teeth ripping the packet open.

Dream gasps. "Holy shit, we're actually doing this."

"*Yeah* we are."

George turns the condom in his palm, making sure that it's the right way round before he slides it down Dream's length. Dream's the one to locate the lube again, passing it to George with an awestruck expression. George makes use of it, pouring a generous amount onto Dream's cock, and spreading it with a tight fist.

'*You're hot when you're confident*' echoes in George's brain. He takes a deep breath, then pushes Dream so that his upper body is lying on the mattress, eyes wide and expectant and so *focused* on George, it's a bit unnerving.

Confident. Be confident.

With that thought, he moves up, ass above Dream's hardness.

He's... never done this before.

It was easy, back in uni, to drunkenly get off with guys, hands and mouth put to use, closed-off spaces at house parties. It could be, and very often was, put down under *experimenting* and new experiences. Girls were doing it, and guys found it hot. When guys did it, a lot of girls found it hot as well. It was easy to pretend it was for their amusement, that private moments behind bathroom doors would somehow translate into encounters with women. But it stopped there, handjobs and blowjobs and clothed grinding. And although the hurried pleasures of drunk hookups felt a thousand times better than any sort of intimacy between him and his ex-girlfriend, he clutched onto that idea, of the idea that this was somehow still *straight*, for years.

It's been slightly more straightforward these days, understanding his desires for what they are. Doesn't make it any easier to accept them, but with a practised denial he learned to work with it.

He... wants things. From men. (From Dream.) That's about as far as he can admit it, even to himself. This is one of the things he's been wanting for a while.

Confident, right.

Guiding Dream with his hand, he hovers, feeling the tip strain at the ring of muscle. Dream's hands are on his thighs, thumbs caressing reassuring circles onto his skin, looking at George as if he hung all the stars in the sky. It's endearing. And slightly embarrassing, but it's enough to help him relax.

He propels himself downwards, mouth parting with a silent gasp, wider the lower he slips. Dream is not small, not by a long shot, and by the time he settles, ass flush with hips, he's breathless.

"Holy fuck, you're tight." Dream sounds no better than him, eyes closed, caressing thumbs turning into gripping hands. *No shit* he wants to say, but any words refuse to escape his narrow throat.

He's so full. Dream's dick reaches farther than his fingers ever did, filling him with constant stimulation, and *fuck*, it feels good. There's a bit of a stretch, of course there is, but he can ignore it, as the way he lifts himself draws a moan out of Dream, one that he wants to hear again and again.

He falls back down, and, okay, that's slightly less comfortable than he would care for. It's good, very much so, but his thighs strain, his breathing draws short, and the top of Dream's duvet feels weird against his knees. He still tries, quicker, eyes closed to focus on the good part, on the sounds Dream is making, on the building pleasure.

It kind of works. He does it a few additional times though, and that's when his muscles protest. He takes an impatient breath, adjusting his legs on the mattress, knees moving further apart.

It strains, not only his thighs but muscles around his groin, too. The quickened pace doesn't last long, but George's stamina has never been the best, so the breaths become shorter. Then, to make it worse, something slides towards him on the bed, with the tilt of the mattress underneath their weight, and wedges itself painfully right under his knee.

Flustrated, he reaches out, and of course, it's his stupid fucking phone.

"You alright?" Dream asks, panting, touch guided with George's movements on his sides. George

nods, eyes fluttering shut, phone forgotten in his hand, and adjusts his position.

He doesn't have time to move for long before another thing hits his knee.

"Oh my-" How many fucking things are on this bloody bed? A frustrated groan leaves his throat, his free hand grabbing the annoying object, and *for fucks sake*. It's Dream's phone this time, kind of expected, George putting them both on the mattress beforehand. He rolls his eyes, grabbing both of the phones together in one hand.

It throws him off, though. His head feels dizzy, too, from the shallow breaths he takes, his thighs are straining, and, alright. He needs a moment.

He stops with a sound of surrender, posture slumping.

"Just need to catch my breath." He explains when Dream gives him a concerned look. There goes all that sexy confidence he was supposed to be radiating, for fuck's sake.

"Take your time." Dream reassures, soft even through the strain of obvious pleasure. To George's surprise, he raises him up from his member, sliding out, and settling George onto his abdomen. "I didn't want to, like, grind up accidentally or something." He explains at George's silent question.

George takes a few deep breaths. The lingering of want makes him miss the feeling of Dream inside of him, but a part of him is kind of thankful, too. Both quickly turn into discontent, as *yet another* fucking item annoyingly nudges his calf.

It's fucking lube. Of course it is. He picks it up, too, taking a deep breath.

Dream laughs. George glares at him. "I'm going to fucking throw all of these at your head." He threatens, holding up both of the phones in one hand, and the bottle of lube in the other.

"Sorry, you just look like you're about to start juggling or something." he's grinning, and, okay. Maybe George is a little bit glad that there is no disappointment anywhere in his features.

"You're so annoying." Even with that, he can't help but be infected with Dream's mood, his smile

contagious.

"Could you even do that?" Dream continues, eyeing the items in George's hands with curiosity.

"Do what?"

"Juggle things that are not balls." At that George snorts. Dream rolls his eyes. "I mean like, three things that are a different shape and weight."

George glances down, studying the objects in his palms. They're not the optimal things he'd use for juggling, a bit awkward to grip even one at a time, and as Dream mentioned, all with a different weight.

"I guess." he finally concludes, shrugging his arms. It would most likely be challenging, to adjust the throw and the catch to the unfamiliar items. "Probably."

"I kinda wanna see you try now."

George doesn't hold back the huff of amusement. "Like, right now?"

Palms rub circles onto his thighs again. "Why not? You're taking a breathing break, might as well make it a juggling break."

"A mid-sex juggling break." George repeats through a giggle, which Dream matches with his own.

"A DNF special." Dream props himself up on his elbows. "If we had an OnlyFans this could be an extra DLC."

The giddiness is addicting, even through a reminder that this was supposed to be *serious*. But it feels *right*, it feels right to be like this with Dream, to follow whatever silly thought they both happen to have, for this to feel as if they're simply hanging out, just with an upgrade of bodies pressed together.

"Alright. I'm doing it." he decides, the frustration associated with the items he found on the bed long gone, replaced with a humoured determination of accomplishing the challenge.

His phone flies up, followed by Dreams, followed by the bottle of lube. He immediately feels that that's where he's thrown off, the weight and shape of the lube much too different than the two mobiles.

He catches the phones, but the plastic bottle falls with a thud onto Dream's abdomen.

"For fuck's- Ow." Dream groans, eyebrows pulling into a frown, a grimace on his face. George laughs, picking up the fallen object. "Okay. Maybe it's not actually possible."

"Oh, *wah wah*, get over it." there isn't any actual malice in the way he says it, just the usual teasing. "I'm trying again."

Dream hovers his hands above his torso, ready to catch any falling item before it hits him. With the knowledge of the difference in mass, George adjusts his throws, lasting only two throws more, not scoring even two full circles, before Dream catches his phone with his ready palm.

"One more try." George takes the phone, then takes a second to feel the weight of all the items, holding them all individually first, before attempting for the third time. And, to his own mix of surprise and delight, he manages to successfully balance everything for a good 10 seconds, finishing by catching both of the phones *and* the lube in his own hands.

"WOOOO!" He cheers, arms shooting up in victory, body leaning backwards, only held by Dream's grip on his waist. Dream, who's laughing, loud and bold, eyes fixated on George through it all.

"You're so..." and George expects the word *dumb* to follow, what with the '*George is an idiot*' - smile Dream's got going on. "...cute." slips out instead, and George chokes on his laughter.

"Did you just call me *cute*?" he asks, easing into giggles that are accompanying them both. There's a shadow of a flush on Dream's cheeks, but it might've been there from before.

"I was balls deep in you like, 5 minutes ago. I think I can call you cute."

George's breathing hasn't exactly calmed down, what with all the laughter and shouting. But... Maybe he doesn't have to be the epitome of sexual confidence right now.

"Wanna get back to that?" he asks.

Dream grins. "Yeah. That'd be epic."

"*Epic.*" George repeats, half mockingly. "You know what, you ruined your chances. Get out of my bed." he leans in as he says it, jesting sarcasm negating the words.

"Nooooo!" The fake dramatic whine is let out close to George's lips. "Wherever will I find someone that fuels my juggling kink!"

George shuts his stupid ass up with a kiss, fingers tangled in hair, smiles mixing together.

"Shut up and have dick-in-ass sex with me, loser."

The beam of teeth he gets as a reply tugs at his heart, in the same way waking up with a weight of a chest pressed to his back does. Warm. Soft.

"You wanna stay like this, or?"

George shakes his head. "This wasn't really working for me, to be honest." and, okay, saying what he thinks is actually not that bad. Maybe it's only the safety of this specific moment, maybe it's a newfound feeling altogether, but nevertheless, the warmth spreads.

As Dream turns them around, laying George on the bed with a chuckle, the glimmer of excitement mixed with expectation returns stronger, not muddled by nervousness or anxiety.

Dream lubes himself back up and presses in again, and *oh*, that's immediately different. George's fingers find grip on Dream's back with the next thrust, an elated whimper pushed out of him with the air from his lungs.

"Oh my god-" his breath stops, another delighted sound cutting it in half. The head of Dream's dick drags right against his prostate on the pullback, then harder and more direct on the push.

"Good?" Dream asks, a question familiar between them, inhale unstable right by George's ear.

"Yes." There isn't a sliver of hesitation as he shares the truth. "So fucking good."

It seems to fuel something in Dream, a broken moan following George's words, hips snapping harder. And holy shit, when George wanted Dream to fuck him, he never thought it would feel like *this*.

He draws his legs further up, ankles hooking just above Dream's ass. It changes the angle and within the next grind of the hips the pleasure *rises*, spreading tingling sensations all over his body, as he makes sounds he never knew he was capable of.

"Say it again." Dream demands, and it doesn't sound nearly close enough to a plea as George wants it to be.

"Say please." He whines out, surprised himself that he can form sentences in this state.

"Please." Dream doesn't hesitate. "Tell me how good I make you feel." And this time it's nowhere near a demand, as the desperate tone settles itself at George's core, pulling at strings he didn't realise could be pulled.

"Fuck" Each breath ends in a moan, and each thrust of Dream's hips brings him a steady incline of pleasure. "Dream, you're so- so fucking good. So good. The best." He's rambling, words coming out as they arrive in his mind.

Something cold touches his side, and with the realisation that it's the fucking *lube bottle again*, he laughs instead of groaning, an avalanche of mirth-filled moans replacing annoyance, Dream's joyous gasps joining his, as he throws the bottle on the floor, not stopping his movements.

It's surprising, but also not really, that they don't last very long after that. The room fills with the sound of skin slapping on skin, the praises hushed by George too quiet to be heard above it, only

reserved for Dream's ears, only breathed in with Dream's air.

The climax keeps him in its hold for a while, and so does Dream, as George arches his spine, a silent gasp suspended in the air, as Dream fucks him through it, only going still a few moments later himself, biting onto George's shoulder as he comes.

The weight of Dream's body feels good on George as Dream slumps down, so he clutches onto it, not letting him move away, even as Dream pulls out, then reaches to take the condom off.

"Gotta get rid of this, Georgie." he chuckles quietly as George keeps his hold on Dream's other attempt.

"Just throw it on the floor. I'll clean it later." George murmurs as a lazy smile grazes his features. "Georgie." he repeats with a giggle, not having enough strength to make it into a proper tease.

With some visible hesitation, Dream lets the condom fall on the floor, where it lands with a loud 'splat' sound. "Ew." As soon as his hands are free though, he wraps them around George, a kiss forming on George's forehead. "Am I not heavy?" he asks, tone soft. He doesn't take back the nickname nor does he acknowledge it.

"You are." George confirms. "I like it."

Another kiss is granted on George's cheek. "We just had sex." There's a note of disbelief in Dream's tone, a tone of wonder.

"Glad you noticed. Would be awkward if you didn't." he smirks through his grumble, then more as Dream's lips touch his, delicate and swift.

"Are we gonna have sex again?" and it's such a genuine question, George has to open his eyes and stare at the younger with disbelief.

"Are you daft?" He scoffs, humoured. "Obviously, idiot."

The kiss that follows isn't half as delicate, guiding them both through the rest of the evening, too

lazy to move out of bed, too lazy to get dressed, too lazy to clean the stupid condom off of the floor.

But George doesn't care.

And with the slide of Dream's mouth against his, the touch of Dream's skin on his, and the lingering shadow of their connected bodies, he unknowingly opens up a door in his mind that he kept forcefully closed up till now.

Chapter End Notes

if you enjoyed this chapter consider leaving a comment :] next one within one or two weeks

Football

Chapter Notes

sorry for being so late! the heat was making me unable to think and also i hit a weird writers block. here now though!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It didn't come as much of a surprise that things had changed.

They had sex now. It was a regular thing, something that sneaked itself into the dynamic and didn't seem to let go. The day after their first time, George woke up with Dream's arm loosely thrown across his torso and thought *Holy shit. We fucked.* And then Dream woke up, too. And then, not even ten minutes later, they fucked *again*.

George thought that before this they got each other off a substantial amount of time. Every couple of days, a mess of hands, tongues, and moans would bring them both to a satisfying climax. It was both a great stress reliever *and* a fun bonding activity. Something to do with your buddy on a rainy day. Nothing to do? Suck his cock!

But now, after the frankly life-changing experience of bodies pressed close together with hips grinding in a steady rhythm, it swapped from every *other* day to, well, *every day*. More than once a day sometimes. There was no holding back when it came to their wants, it seemed.

George would love to say it was all Dream, that Dream was the only one who couldn't get enough. Because Dream really couldn't stop himself from pressing George's back to the kitchen counter sometimes, and kissing his mouth red, until they were both panting and hard against one another and had no choice but to take it to one of their bedrooms. He'd pause for a break in the middle of his work and seek out George, indulge in George's mouth, George's hands, George's body. And George would tease, of course, through amused smiles he'd call Dream a simp, a playful '*You really can't get enough of me, huh?*'

But the truth was, George wasn't all that innocent either. Since learning that initiating didn't come with ridicule or suspicion, it was as if his body refused to cooperate with his hesitant mind. Dream could do something, anything, that caused a sparkle of heat in his abdomen, and George would be all over him at a moment's notice. Dream could be doing his bloody *taxes* and just *sigh* in a hot way, and George would be there in a second, sliding in between Dream's legs under the desk. He could be cooking dinner and stretch, showing a strip of skin where his shirt rode up, and George's hands would be on there in under a minute, lips chasing lips.

It... resulted in a few awkward run-ins with Sapnap.

They never *really* did anything in the communal spaces of their house. Not like, full sex stuff at least. They always managed to get to one of the bedrooms for that. But, light foreplay, making out, over-the-clothes touching... That was a whole other story. A story that resulted in Sapnap entering every room of the house loudly announcing himself first, warning of his approach.

At least he didn't ask questions. That was the good part about it. No questions meant no answers, and George definitely did not have any of those. What would he even say if Sapnap asked what's going on with all the making out? *'Oh don't worry, it's just a joke' ?*

Because, well, it wasn't anymore. It was obvious they were both *clearly* into whatever this was, both *clearly* attracted to each other. And maybe it was still a bit funny, considering their history, but if George said they're hooking up only for *the bit*, he'd sound straight-up delusional.

So what George was left with was exactly what it was. They were having a lot of sex, they hung out with each other most of the time, and he couldn't sleep on the sparse nights Dream was not in bed with him, trying to think of excuses of how he could slip into Dream's bed for the mere purpose of sleep. Not exactly something he'd want to explain to Sapnap anyway. So it was good that Sapnap didn't ask questions.

He was fucking *annoying* about it though.

Not asking didn't mean not mentioning, unfortunately. And in Sapnap's case, it very much meant bringing it up when any kind of favouritism was shown among the three of them. A lot of *'Just Because Dream sucks your dick doesn't mean he's in the right, bitch.'* as well as *'Oh, sure, take the side of the guy you stick your dick in Dream, that's very fair.'* was being thrown at both of them on the daily. At least Sapnap had half a mind not to say any of that during streams, but still. Annoying.

As usual, when it came to Sapnap though, Dream didn't seem to get as annoyed as George. When Sapnap was leaving to go to Punz's in the morning, he threw a *'Don't you dare have sex in my room'* at the two of them, to which Dream *laughed*. George, of course, threw in a classy *'I'd probably get an STI by just having my dick out in there, so no thanks'* which started a ten-minute back and forth exchange of insults.

But then he left, and they were alone. And, obviously, there were things they could be doing that are much easier to do while being alone. And when George looked at Dream's smiling face, he

had an idea that Dream knew also.

Well, at least that's what he thought.

"This is boring" George complains, head hitting the back of the couch as he slumps backwards.

"You said that like 10 times already George." Dream doesn't move his eyes away from the screen, not even bothering to give George a quick look. He even dares to sound slightly *annoyed*. Annoyed! When, obviously, it's George who should be the annoyed one. And, well, he is.

"Yeah. Because it's boring." George doubles down, irritated.

It's dumb. Dream is dumb. They have the house to themselves for a few hours, they should take advantage of it. Instead, Dream is splayed on the couch, staring at the TV, watching men run across a field, throwing a ball at each other, while George is sitting by the end of the couch, bored out of his mind.

He needs to put a stop to this ridiculousness. It should be George-time, not football-time. Dream can record this stupid match and rewatch it when Sapnap is back, later. They can both cheer and bet and do whatever they need to. Now though, football should be forgotten in place of them finally being alone in the house. It makes sense. Dream is stupid.

With a big, exaggerated sigh, George strategically flops down, slotting himself right between Dream's legs, face pressed to his abdomen. Dream's warm, the heat radiating through the layer of fabric. George feels the muscle flex beneath him, so to add to the fire, he slides his palms under Dream's shirt.

"What are you doing George?" Dream asks through a chuckle, voice low, and *bingo*. There's the attention George wants. He doesn't even have to look up to know that Dream's eyes are on him now, his tone telling George everything he needs to know. So easy to read, Dream. So easy to wind up.

"I'm bored." George innocently replies, scrunching the shirt in his fists until it rides high enough for his cheek to be against Dream's skin. He nuzzles into it, absorbing the warmth, indulging in the way Dream's body is always so responsive to his own.

"I know." This time, compared to the previous time George complained, there's less irritation and more curiosity weaved in between Dream's words. "The match won't take that long, George."

He hums with fake thoughtfulness into Dream's muscles, causing them to tense. Dream looks at him for a moment longer, and when he shifts, George can see his inquisitive eyes from the corner of his vision.

He parts his lips, brushing with touch on the underside of Dream's belly.

"George." It's almost a reprimand, but it's accompanied by Dream's fingers tangling a mess into George's hair, not pushing away, but not pressing him into it, either. "It's only 30 minutes more."

Thirty minutes. George is meant to go thirty more minutes of Dream's sole focus being dedicated to some men running around a field with a ball and doing 'touchdowns', or whatever the hell it's called. Well, Dream should 'touchdown' on some balls too. Preferably George's. Preferably right now, and not in 30 minutes.

Instead of answering, he lets his tongue reply, joining the expedition on Dream's skin right alongside his lips. He traces the shape of the muscle down, lower, towards where he can feel Dream's dick coming to life right under where his chest is pressed to Dream's crotch.

Dream groans, gaze flickering from the TV to George and back. The hand on George's head lingers, showcasing Dream's hesitancy. He's torn. Between George and football, which is utterly ridiculous. If that's what he's torn over, whether to watch some random guys run around or have mindblowing sex with his best friend, George wants him to tear.

He lets the tip of his tongue graze just above the edge of Dream's sweatpants, hands sliding down from where they were firmly on Dream's sides to help him lower the trousers, exposing the elastic band of Dream's boxers.

"For fuck's- George." It's exasperated and already winded. And George hasn't even properly started yet!

"What?" George looks up, innocent expression completely not matching the way he skillfully slides Dream's sweatpants off. Dream's hips rise with it, helping, even slightly encouraging the action.

“Right now? Really?”

George snorts, giving a pointed look to Dream’s half-erection already forming in his underwear. “Your dick seems to think it’s a perfect time.”

"My dick always thinks it's the perfect time for you to touch it. It doesn't mean it's always right." The exasperated explanation tickles right at Goerge's ego. It's not surprising, per se, that Dream feels that. It's the main topic of George's teasing most of the time. It's still satisfying though, to hear confirmations of Dream's obsessions.

"I can stop if you really prefer to watch *football* right now." He rolls his eyes with practised drama.

"Oh you think you're *so* smart, don't you?" Dream's fingers push at his head with a calculated pressure, not as hard as to be forceful, but noticeable enough to come through as insistent. George doesn't even try to hide his smirk as he lowers down until his face is at the same level as Dream's bulge.

"Yeah. I am." he says, satisfied with where it's all going. He should have tried this an hour ago. He should have tried this the moment Sapnap closed the door behind himself leaving them both alone.

With that thought, George hooks his fingers on the band of Dreams boxers and pulls down, freeing Dream's erection. He tugs the underwear off completely, Dream very much helping him with the task, and settles himself comfortably in between Dream's legs.

"You-" Dream moves his hand from the top of George’s head down, propping his chin up to make their eyes meet. "-are a menace."

"You love it." and that being said, George wraps his lips around the head of Dream's cock and sucks, delighting in the grunt that Dream lets out.

It's a little bit weird, to be doing this on the couch in their living room. Not in a negative way though, not at all, the shudder of excitement defying that notion. Still, it's new. Something about the fact that they're out in the open is.. different.

The TV is still on, and the background noise of sports commentary accompanies George’s mouth in taking more and more of Dream’s cock down until it touches the back of his throat.

Dream's fist tightens in his hair with each bob of his head, moans breathed out in rhythm with George's movements. It's encouraging, and frankly, fucking *hot*. George must be doing a good job, obviously. He looks up to confirm it, maybe make some sexy eye contact, but-

Dream is not looking at him. Dream is very much still looking at the TV.

Within one movement George slides off. "Are you kidding me?"

"Huh?" Dream's head snaps, turning back in George's direction, looking almost startled. Well, George is not having it, even if he does look kind of cute with his eyes all wide like that.

"You're still watching it."

A subtle raise to the corners of Dream's mouth is barely noticeable at first but is soon followed by a snorted half-laugh.

"Hey, you're the one that decided you want to blow me mid-game." he explains, as if that's a good enough excuse.

"Yeah, and you should be thankful." George puts one hand on Dream's hip and wraps the other around the base of his cock. He doesn't move it yet, just keeps it there as a reminder.

"Who says I'm not thankful?" A brush of Dream's inner palm against his cheek feels a bit *too* soft for George. "Thank you for sucking my dick, George. That's very cool of you." The edge to his tone is very much amused. George scoffs.

"Focus on me then, idiot." And when Dream only laughs at his comment, George gets back down, determined to make Dream not even *able* to be distracted.

He gets back into it, swiftly, throat relaxed enough to handle Dream's budging hips each time he takes him in deep. He's working his hand, too, diligent and focused.

But Dream just- He just keeps glancing at the fucking screen. Yeah, he seems into the blowjob, too. He's reacting, making pleased sounds, holding onto George's hair, fighting to keep his eyes open. But he's also very much watching the bloody football match.

And George could turn it off. The remote is right there, lying on the table. All he has to do is reach out and press one button.

But... It sort of feels like a challenge, in a weird way. It kind of has been a constant challenge, one against Dream's easily distracted mind, and George hates to admit that even to himself, but he sort of... likes it. Testing the limits of Dream's focus brought a sort of excitement that he never thought he could be associating with sex.

A lot of things were new with Dream. New, different, exciting.

"Yeah, just like that." Dream groans, inching his legs more apart.

And that, well it gives George an idea. With his free hand, he caresses the inside of Dream's thigh, fingers brushing delicately on the skin. Goosebumps follow his trail, as he moves down, past Dream's balls, teasing against his taint. He lifts from Dream's cock, focusing only on the head for a few seconds, circling his tongue against the very tip. At the same time, his finger finally prods at Dream's rim.

"Woah." When George looks up it's to the undivided attention of two eyes firmly on him, not budging anywhere else.

"Hmmm?" George circles the ring of muscles with his fingertip, observing every change of reaction in Dream's features. So far, there isn't much he can read beyond surprise. "This too much for you?" He asks, mouth firm against the side of Dream's dick now.

"No." It sounds slightly like a question, and George would call it unsure if not for the determined look on Dream's face. He can't help but giggle, finger prodding at Dream's hole, sliding in only a tiny bit. Not too much, it would not be too pleasant with the dryness, but enough for Dream to feel the initial push.

"So if I went to get lube right now..." He drags out the question, lips moving on Dream's cock with each word. This wasn't exactly what he had in mind when he thought of the sex they can have while Sapnap is out of the house, but he's definitely not complaining.

“Sure.” This time it sounds more confident “Go get it right now.”

George exhales, the air hitting Dream’s cock, then stands up, giving Dream a once over once he’s on his feet. He has to give it to him, Dream still looks sure of it, and, above all, is completely focused on George. Just as he should.

With that thought, George rushes to Dream’s bedroom. There’s a bottle of lube in each of their rooms, but Dream’s is that small bit closer to the living room. He grabs the bottle as soon as he sees it, then hesitates a moment, looking at the box that’s lying right next to it in the drawer, then grabs that, too.

There’s definitely a spring in his step as he makes his way back to where Dream is. It’s not as if he’s been waiting for this moment or anything, the thought of fingering Dream didn’t exactly haunt his waking mind, but now that the opportunity is here, he can’t help but think it might be fun.

“You seem excited.” Dream comments the moment George is back with him. “You’re like, skipping.”

“More like Skepping!” George’s brain immediately makes the connection and he doesn’t think twice about voicing it, as he jumps up on the couch, in between Dream’s legs. “I’m about to troll you so hard.”

“Oh my fucking god.” The exasperation in Dream’s voice is adding to George’s giddiness and overall amusement. He looks so done with George, but also, at the same time, the ‘George-is-an-idiot’ smile is firmly anchored on his face. “Why do I even...”

“Why do you even what?” George raises a curious eyebrow, but Dream just sighs, the smile unrelenting.

"Just... get to it, George." He urges.

"Jeez, alright."

He makes himself more comfortable between Dream's spread legs, noting at the back of his head

that Dream *does* look quite hot like this. He's not gonna say it, *obviously* not, but he still indulges in the image a bit, all while putting down the bottle of lube, and taking out a wrapper from the box he picked up with it.

"Umm..." Dream glances at the box of condoms in George's hand, seeming truly unsure for the first time since George's hand ventured where it never did before.

"Oh." George looks at the box too, quickly, then back at Dream. He gets how it might look, considering that they only ever use condoms to, well, fuck. "Don't worry, this is for my fingers."

"Your fingers?" Dream is clearly taken aback, eyebrows drawing together in a frown.

"Yeah." George brings the wrapper to his mouth, voicing the rest of his point through the plastic in between his teeth. "No offence, but I'm not getting poo on my fingers. And I doubt you douched, so."

The frown turns into a grimace, then back into confusion. "You doubt I *what*?"

"Douched." He repeats, spitting the ripped plastic piece out of his mouth, now only left with the condom in the open packet. Instead of taking it out though, he gives Dream a thorough look. "Dream. You know what douching is, right?"

"Shut up, obviously I know." Dream rolls his eyes, shuffling up, making more space for George on the couch. "It's like an enema, isn't it?"

"Not really. It's not as intense." George takes the condom out, putting it on his open palm. Instead of doing anything with it though, he takes his time to study Dream with amusement. "I can't believe you've been having anal sex with me for weeks and don't know how douching works."

"I just told you I know." he glances at the condom in George's hand, but then focuses on George again. "Wait, you do that each time?"

"Not each *time* I guess, but like, a lot." He hasn't really been going out of his way *too* much. His showers have been more frequent since they started having sex anyway, and most of the time it just came with it. "Sometimes I take the risk. Living dangerously and all that" He tries to hide the smug signs of banter from his tone, going for his usual deadpan. "*Will I get shit on Dream's dick today?*"

Who knows!"

"You're so gross." Dream states, the actual disgust in his tone hidden beneath the layers of laughter. "So like, if I wanted you to fuck me I'd have to do it, too?" he asks suddenly, and George can't say he's been expecting the question. Although, maybe he should, considering he's about to get his fingers in Dream's ass.

"Who says I'd fuck you?" He decides to tease, this time letting the smugness out, fingers toying with the condom almost tauntingly. "That honestly sounds like a lot of work. I don't have the stamina for it. I'd get tired. I'd need like, two snack breaks, maybe a nap in the middle." It has some roots of truth, but it is mostly a joke. No matter how much George enjoys Dream leading their sexual escapades, he doesn't think he could seriously say no if Dream asked.

"I could ride you?" Dream suggests, and it's so sincerely enthusiastic, that George has to stop the fond giggle that threatens to spill out.

"Okay, now we're getting somewhere." He keeps his levelled tone as much as he can. "You're gonna be doing all the work. I can get behind that." And, well, he really could. He wasn't against the first option anyway, but Dream riding him definitely sounds like the ideal outcome.

"You should get *my* behind." Dream can't even keep a straight face as he says it.

"That was a terrible joke Dream."

"It wasn't a joke." Dream's thighs spread a bit wider, drawing George's eyes down, and, okay. Definitely a hot sight. "Get started."

But, it doesn't mean he can't still have a little bit of fun with it. "Oh, you're so desperate for it now." He teases.

"I'm not *desperate* for it, shut up." Dream nudges George's leg with his foot with a scoff, the irritation seeping through, only making George more determined to annoy.

"Of *course* you're not." The sarcasm drips from his words, and he keeps it still as he puts on his usual parody of an American accent. "*Just a guy being a dude! Watching sports and getting finger blasted on the couch!*"

Dream's laughter fills the room, louder than the background of the TV noise. "Well, not much finger blasting going on right now, is there?"

It's such an opportunity to tease him even more, bicker about how much he's begging for it. But the thing is George kind of wants to get to it, too. So without any more pestering comments, he slides his fingers into the condom, trying to tighten it at the end.

Unfortunately, it's not the easiest of tasks. The condom is obviously too big for two of his fingers, and if he wants to start with just one, it's going to be even more awkward. It'll probably slip off, and George would have to hold it with his other hand, and he really can't be bothered. So, after it's apparent that his struggle would not be momentary, he throws the condom to the side.

"Whatever. I'll raw dog it."

It earns him a chuckle that he doesn't have time to fully appreciate on Dream's face, as he lowers himself down, facing Dream's still surprisingly hard dick. Wrapping his mouth around it, he's blindly seeking the lube bottle with his hand, then again, with no looking, pours the liquid onto his fingers.

His tongue circles underneath the head of Dream's dick as one of his lubed fingers touches Dream's rim.

Dream hisses, low. "It's a bit cold."

George moves off of Dream's dick but stays close. "Your ass will warm it up." He circles the muscle in the same way he did before, lips now pressed to Dream's balls.

"You're- oh." As George slides the finger in, Dream holds his breath, suddenly completely still. "Okay, that's... Something."

It doesn't really tell George too much. "Bad something or good something?" He asks.

There's a thoughtful pause as George pushes in a bit further. "Good, I think?" Dream finally states, but the uncertainty is apparent.

"You're really tense" It's just an observation, a notice he takes as his finger slides in fully, but Dream still scoffs at it.

"Yeah, well, I have something up my ass George." The eye roll is almost audible in his tone. "Not really an everyday occasion for me."

He's nervous, George can tell, even though he knows Dream would never admit to it, the stubborn bastard. "We don't have to do this." He assures. It was only an impulsive idea, George will definitely not cry himself to sleep just because he can't finger Dream on the couch.

"I want to do this." And, well, it doesn't sound like a lie. It's determined and a little bit shaky, but definitely sure. "It's..." Dream takes a deep breath, as George looks up at him. "Like I've done this to myself before, I know it feels *vaguely* good, and I'm sure it will feel better because you have a better angle and everything."

Of course, he's trying to rationalise it with logic. Very Dream thing to do.

"Okay. Try and relax then." George's thumb moves to brush underneath Dream's balls, almost losing track when he sees them move up from the contact. Quickly though, he puts on his teasing voice, once more. "Can't do finger blasting when my finger is getting crushed by your ass."

The amused sound Dream makes while exhaling brings out the smile on George's face, too. He lowers down again, but this time focuses on grazing the sides of Dream's cock with his tongue, right along the length, as he tries to work his finger in and out slowly.

It... mostly works. It seems though as if every time Dream relaxes enough for George to be able to move a bit more, the following movement makes him tense again, which isn't ideal for the enjoyment. He's clearly overthinking it, whether the need to relax or the situation itself, George isn't sure, but he can almost hear the train of thought riding along the seams of Dream's mind.

A particularly loud cheer coming from the TV draws his attention. The match is still on, the numbers on the bottom of the screen are different than before, but that's about all that George understands from what he sees. And all of this started because Dream was too distracted by the game to pay any attention to George, but... Maybe distraction is exactly what he needs right now.

"Dream."

"Hmm?"

"What's going on with the game right now?"

"The game?" He's clearly taken aback, a quick shadow of a frown running through his face. George holds his gaze though, and Dream seems to catch on. "Oh. Um." He turns to the TV, taking a moment to catch up with what he missed. "Looks like my team is winning. Good."

"Okay." George's mouth ventures low onto Dream's abdomen now. "Tell me everything that's happening."

"What?"

"Just like, commentate it." George couldn't care less about what actually *is* going on with the game, but that's not the point. "Go on. Tell me everything, I'm not watching." He presses his mouth harder on Dream's skin, tongue following suit.

"Well, Richardson has the ball now." Dream starts. "He, uh, ok he handed it off to Johnson, the other team is on him though."

As Dream talks, George moves his finger again. Slow, nothing too sudden, patiently working it in and out.

"They're stopping it, the defence was really bad." As he keeps at it, it becomes increasingly easier. "Okay, they're doing a transfer."

It's working. Dream's eyes are glued to the TV, and his muscles are relaxed enough for George to keep getting him used to the feeling. He slides another finger in soon after, with not much trouble.

"Oh no, are they about to-" Dream, still invested in the football, props himself up on his elbows, looking concerned. Soon though, it changes into relief. "YES! God, how did Shorter catch that? That was insane." He looks to George as if George would understand what's going on even without the task at hand, but then quickly focuses back on the TV. "Jesus, he got it, like, right before the line."

And as he talks it, his dick fucking *twitches*. George glances at the screen, and sure enough, they show a repeat of a man jumping into the air, enough for his shirt to ride up, revealing his abs, and catching a ball mid-jump. And Dream's dick *fucking twitched*.

"Did you just... find that hot?" It could be anything, really. George does have his fingers in him at this point, and is trying to loosen him up a bit. So it could be a coincidence.

Well, it could, if not for the guilty, sheepish look on Dream's face.

"I mean, I don't know." He looks away and *oh*. "Maybe a little bit."

Okay. This is absolutely fine. George wanted Dream to get distracted, and Dream got distracted. Enough to get turned on by some random man, one that doesn't currently have fingers in his ass, and doesn't make him come on a regular basis. It isn't a big deal *at all*.

That being said, Dream is definitely distracted enough now. He doesn't need any more football, what he needs is to be focused on George again.

"Alright." George says, and doesn't hesitate before curling his fingers in, fingerpads searching for the sensitive spot along Dream's inside.

And god, does he find it.

"Fuck-" Dream gasps loudly, eyes opening wide. He's staring at George with bewilderment, a look of anticipation added into the mix as well.

"Come on," George starts, mouthing along Dream's hip. "aren't you gonna tell me more of what's happening?"

"Fuck football." Dream's response is quick and to the point. "Do that again."

George almost preens with his laughter, so close to deciding to be a little shit again. He does want

to hear more of Dream's sounds, though, so in the end, he decides to prod the same spot, a little bit harder this time.

Dream likes it. He likes it and it's confirmed with every small and big sound he lets out, all of which only make George more and more turned on. He focuses on Dream's prostate, circling his fingers inside, then switches it up, moving the digits in and out.

He doesn't abandon Dream's dick either. While he doesn't take him into his mouth again, not yet, he still lets his tongue map the expanse of the veins along the shaft, flicking at the head, sucking at the base.

Dream is a beautiful mess, and, okay, maybe George would not mind working a bit, testing out his stamina's limits, if it meant he could make him sound even more gone than this.

"Fuck, Holy- Wait." Suddenly there's a hand on his wrist, stopping what he's doing. "Wait wait wait, hold up."

George pauses, concern building up quick, but completely evaporating the moment he notices the reason for Dream's action.

Because he's looking at the TV, again, eyes full of unfiltered excitement.

"No way. Come on." His fist clenches at his side, and his body rises. "You can do it Richardson!" He's fucking cheering the game on as if he wasn't just falling apart underneath George's fingers. And then, just as abruptly as he stopped George's hand, he throws an arm in the air, triumphant. "Fuck yes! Touchdown, baby!"

It's annoying. It's stupid, and George probably should be a bit offended. And angry. And definitely not feeling a warmth spread through his chest, one that travels through his whole body, tingles at his fingertips, pushes him forward.

"You are so fucking dumb." There's no malice. There should be, but there isn't. All he feels is a pull at the corners of his mouth, a push forward, and then his lips connect with Dream's in a deep kiss. One that's quickly and *very* enthusiastically reciprocated.

The huge smile stays on Dream's mouth throughout it, then still as he grinds down on George's

fingers, urging them to move. George doesn't wait, pushing into Dream again, lips moving down to Dream's neck, a fluttering giggle accompanying Dream's sounds of pleasure.

"Holy shit-" Dream's hands tighten on the back of George's shirt, then as George moves down, end up in his hair instead. There isn't any hesitation this time before George invites the weight of Dream's dick against his tongue.

"Fuck, that's good, that's good." Dream confirms, George's fingers hitting that same spot over and over again, lips stretching around the width of Dream's cock. "I think I'm gonna come, don't stop"

Stopping is the last thing on George's mind. Well, maybe the insistent pressure of his own hard-on against the front of his pants is a bit distracting, but the embrace of Dream's thighs against the sides of his head helps him right through it.

"Holy fuck, George-" it's telling, the way in which it's groaned. He focuses more on pressing against the spot, throat tightening on Dream's dick, then suddenly there's a salty, familiar taste on his tongue, Dream's come dripping down his throat, spilling into his mouth. With every twitch of his fingers more seems to come out, so George keeps at it, until Dream whimpers and pushes him off, still panting.

It doesn't take long for Dream to reciprocate, his hands pushing down at George's pants within a few seconds, jerking him off with a quick fist, then moving down to seal his orgasm with his mouth, avoiding making a mess.

"I think you just reset my entire mindset with your fingers." Dream says afterwards when they're both lying on the couch together, their breaths calming down. George's head is resting in the crook of Dream's arm, and he can't be bothered to lift it, but he still smiles.

"Your prostate has been a reset button all along." It is a bit funny, the fact that Dream's mind has been blown with a little bit of fingering. "Someone just had to press it."

"You're joking but like..." Dream takes a deep breath, chest rising underneath where George's palm rests. "Fuck, George. Like, I knew I liked men before, I mean, obviously, but like..." And, *oh*, okay. This is the topic now. Suddenly George's breathing is not as calm anymore. "It's just so stupidly apparent now. I'm very much into men. God. I want your dick in me in the near future."

George laughs, even as his heart drums loudly in his ears. "You know you wanting your dick in a

guy was also a clue, right?" He looks up. As long as the topic stays on Dream, it's not a big deal. As long as the attention isn't him, then... "Even if you didn't ever want me to fuck you, like, that's still very much liking men, Dream."

A moment of silence falls between them. It's not heavy, not in any way that matters. Dream seems contemplative, considering the words and their weight in his mind.

"I kinda knew that I think." He finally comes to a conclusion. "But also I feel like part of me didn't really believe it. Like, you know, it wasn't... enough, or whatever." Dream shrugs. His fingers move to find their way in George's hair. It feels nice, calming, even if he doesn't feel like he's the one that should be getting comforted right now. It doesn't feel earned.

And it doesn't help that all George has as a response is a joke. "Yeah, fucking me every day and sucking my dick on every occasion is fine, but getting some fingers in your butt?" The sarcasm is cutting, brought on by the tightening of George's stomach, and the racing thoughts in his head. "I don't know... kinda sus Dream..." he finishes and finally finds it in himself to look at Dream's face.

Dream, of course, doesn't take it to heart. Of course he doesn't, he's used to the real meaning of George's words being hidden in between words that don't match his thoughts.

"No worries," he starts with an amused grin. "I'm only 50% sus. I like men, yeah, but I also like women."

Even through a joke, Dream is sincere. He's sincere and honest, and always so ready to be vulnerable. To open up to George, show him his heart, and share parts of himself that seem tender and fragile.

And George... George wants to show him too. Wants to share, too. And it's fucking scary, how parts that he always wanted to keep to himself, seem to want to be let out in Dream's presence. It's scary, but...

"Well." A shaky inhale is followed by a surprisingly stable exhale. "I don't."

And it's out. And it's okay.

"You don't..." Dream looks to George for confirmation of the ending of that statement, but George doesn't think he can give it right now. Still, Dream catches on. "like women?" he completes the question.

George nods. That much he can do. "Guess I'm fully sus." the throwback to Dream's previous joke solidifies the full meaning of what he just shared. And because of that, he resorts to what he knows. Joking. "Dun dun dun dun dun dun dun. Dundundun." He sings the stupid among us theme music, voice going higher, the back of his mind almost wishing he had his voice changer with him, for the full effect.

Dream giggles, but his eyes can't seem to leave George's face. He's searching, reading for something, trying to find it in George's eyes, to the point where George can't handle it, has to look away.

"Why are you staring at me you weirdo." George mumbles, leaning in to hide his face in Dream's chest.

Dream doesn't let him, wedging his fingers underneath George's chin instead, making him unable to hide from his own freed secret.

"I'm proud of you." he says, wholeheartedly.

It's a bit too much. Too many emotions run rampad inside of George's body. "Ew." He makes a disgusted face, but even he himself can tell it doesn't come through as serious. "Don't ever say that again. I changed my mind, I'm straight."

Drem still laughs, even as his eyes keep the same, heartfelt demeanour. "It feels like it's a big deal, what you just told me."

"Yeah, well." George shrugs. It kind of is. He would like to move on now. "At least it didn't take me doing every sex act with a man but one to realise." he turns it back around on Dream, hoping the other catches on.

"Okay, I didn't realise, I just... It cleared out any remains of doubt I had." Thankfully Dream doesn't push. He gladly takes the punch, letting George redirect the attention of the topic.

"God. I fear to think what levels of thought you'll unlock when I *do* put my dick in you." George teases now, body going relaxed once again in Dream's embrace. "You'll become the next Einstein. My dick is the key to unlocking the full potential of your brain." He laughs. "You know like that movie! What was it called..."

"Limitless." Dream immediately supplies, of course. Always on the same wavelength.

"Yeah, that one! My dick is like the drug that he takes."

They seamlessly ease into an effortless banter, tense topics left behind for now. They stay on the couch for the rest of the day, cuddling, watching movies and talking.

When Sapnap comes back later, George stifles the urge to move away, staying close in Dream's embrace. And when Sapnap doesn't comment on it, and Dream only holds him closer as a response, George thinks that maybe change doesn't have to be a scary thing.

Chapter End Notes

this chapter was dedicated to a certain ✱ for the unavoidable skeppy mention. only 2 chapters left!!! I would like to think they will be finished quicker than this one. Anyway, as always leave a comment if you can and thank you for all the comments and kudos so far :]

Exhaustion

Chapter Notes

hi it didn't take me a month this time

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George is fucked. And not in the fun way.

Well, okay. He was still *being fucked* in the fun way, pretty regularly. His sex life with Dream has been blossoming. He's pretty sure he's had more mind-blowing orgasms in the last *month*, than he had in his whole life, combined. It had to have health benefits at this point. He wouldn't be surprised if it turned out he was less susceptible to heart disease or something.

But that was largely besides the point. What wasn't besides the point though, was that George is figuratively fucked. He's in deep shit.

He might be (is), possibly (definitely), a little bit (a lot), in love with Dream.

And, alright. Maybe he knew that for a little while now. He had to have when shoving the thought into the depths of his subconsciousness was an annoying part of his routine for a good two or three years. It popped up every now and again, and George unceremoniously and without a second thought, always pushed it back where it belonged: in the dark corner of his mind, where it simmered, surrounded by thoughts of a similar nature. And it worked! It worked to a certain degree, for a long time.

Sure, sometimes it slipped up. Sometimes, when the discord calls stretched the hours of his exhausted alertness, or when the night seemed too long to bear, or when slumber was leaving his body, ready to welcome a new day, it emerged. It chewed at his insides, a reminder of an unsettling reality that he has learned to live with and never acknowledge. And, most of all, never *ever* admit to it.

That was before, though. Before, he didn't have to worry about Dream seeing his face up close almost every second of the day. He didn't have to worry about putting on a careful performance in his sleepless state, or just after waking up.

Dream slept with him now. Every day, no matter if they fucked before or not, he either dragged George to his bed or slipped into George's. And late night conversations, early morning sleep thoughts, and deep hours of the night brooding were much harder to hide with Dream around him most of the time.

And whether he liked it or not, his body and mind were both betraying him when the guard was down. More sincere words tended to spill with sleep threatening to take him under, and more lingering touches accompanied them as they woke up. But worst of all, secrets that he never thought he would share left his mouth, one by one, prompted only by Dream's presence.

It was dangerous. Dangerous, because everything that George carefully shoved down over the years, was being pulled up, slowly, meticulously. And it was becoming apparent that the "maybe possibly in love with Dream" secret was getting dangerously close to being next in the queue.

And he sure as hell wasn't going to be the one to say it.

Because, yeah, okay, maybe Dream wouldn't react too badly. Perhaps he would even react in an entirely positive way. There is a possibility out there that Dream also feels that way. But it's out of principle. And maybe a little bit out of uncertainty, too.

He's been... wrong in the past. Maybe not wrong, he never let himself indulge in the possibility for too long to make it an actual hopeful thought, but still. When his feelings first started, they didn't seem baseless. Sometimes it seemed as if, maybe, his silly crush had a chance of being reciprocated. The way Dream talked to him, the way they joked around, he didn't see him do that with any other friend. Their private talks seemed different, too. Softer, less guarded.

Then they blew up. They blew up and in a cruel chance of fate it turned out that all the things George saw as genuine, have still been jokes. All the humour they shared wasn't for them, it was *about them*. And with each time Dream told the audience another one of their little moments that George thought was just for them, has dressed it up as if it was another one of their DNF jokes, George learned. Learned to distance the DNF-George and the In-Love-With-Dream George. They had to be kept separate, there could not be an overlap.

So he kept joking. Kept up with Dream's little performance and kept up with the bit. Laughed with their friends at the concept of fans shipping them, laughed with Dream at the crude fanart, and laughed with Sapnap at the silly fanfiction. How could he not? He couldn't exactly say *'I thought it was happening for real'* now, could he? Because it was a stupid thought, anyway.

What he was left with, was mocking his own heart for falling. He, Dream, and about a million odd

viewers. So forgive him if he wasn't exactly tripping over his own feet to profess undying love and live happily ever after.

Granted, the past was different from now. Even if Dream thought it was peak humour to say George is gay back then, they still both hid under the assumption that neither of them liked men. That curtain was gone now, completely uncovered, a new realm of possibility arriving on the stage. Dream dropping hints about finding men attractive over the last year has not just been a weird way of dragging George out of the closet for a possible 'I told you so!'. It has been genuine, and in retrospect, George feels a bit silly for being paranoid enough to accuse him of that, even if he never said it out loud.

Also, they're quite literally having sex. They're having sex, they kiss, they *cuddle*. They both like men. Dream would try and get him the moon if George asked long enough, and George was aware of that. So, there was much less room for error within his assumptions now than there was two years ago. There is a 99% chance that Dream likes him back.

Still, that 1% was holding onto him strong. So there's no way he's going to be the one to do this.

Which is why he's so fucked right now.

He's sleep deprived. It's his own fault, really, having stayed up all night talking to Quackity and Karl, playing stupid little games, and watching dumb youtube videos. With each one of Dream's 'you coming to bed?' texts, he replied with 'in a bit', then proceeded to fuck around with his friends.

He completely forgot that the Dream Team had plans to record, ones they couldn't exactly put off anymore. So when in the morning he slipped back into bed, next to a dozing Dream, he didn't even catch a second of slumber before Dream's alarm started ringing, reminding him of his commitment.

And no amount of whining or pleading convinced Dream to push it further. They've already been pushing it for *two weeks*, and Sapnap was going away to North Carolina soon, anyway. So they had to do it.

And they did, they had a fun 3-hour recording session. And instead of a well-deserved rest afterwards, Sapnap dragged George out to do food shopping. Which then turned into a bit of clothes shopping, which then turned to getting actual food. By the time George was back he was exhausted, all that was on his mind was sleep.

So he took a shower, ignored that it was still relatively early, and slipped into the bed in Dream's room once again, like in the morning.

And that's how he's here. Still not asleep, instead staring at Dream who silently works on editing the video on his computer.

And he's fucked. Because he's tired, exhausted, sleep deprived *and* in love with Dream. And he should go to sleep so that his head clears and he doesn't say or do something embarrassing. The thing is though, the longer he looks at Dream while in this state, the more the urge to be embarrassing *wins*.

So instead of falling asleep, he stands up. He stands up and waddles up to Dream, turning his gaming chair, and while ignoring Dream's questioning eyes, he climbs onto his lap, presses himself close and takes a deep breath, face in Dream's neck.

"You okay?" Dream asks, sliding the headset off of one ear and wrapping his left hand around George's waist. His right hand is still on the computer mouse. He smells nice, even though George is pretty sure he's wearing the same shirt he saw him wear yesterday. It doesn't matter though. George huddles in even closer.

"Tired" he murmurs, muffled by Dream's skin. He's warm, which makes him an even better cuddling subject, especially since George is not wearing a shirt. He picked up the habit from Dream himself, annoyingly. No shirt to bed was just standard now.

"Why don't you go to sleep, then?" Dream's volume matches George's, as he speaks close to his ear, voice soft, sending even more warmth through George's body. Like a blanket. A little blanket Dream weaves with his words.

"You're not in bed." George doesn't put any thought behind what he says, it's out as soon as it appears in his head. It's the truth, yeah, but he usually doesn't give it away this easily. This is why his exhaustion is dangerous. The thing is, he's too exhausted to even *care* about what he says.

"Well, you weren't in bed last night." Dream replies, albeit after a short pause.

It's not fair. Last night was last night and now is now. And what George wants now, is to lie down in bed cuddled to Dream and go to sleep. There is no need to bring up George's all-nighter. Besides, it was the reason he's exhausted right now, so there's no point punishing him for it again.

This is already enough.

Instead of giving an answer, George burrows his face more into Dream, making an annoyed, vaguely disagreeing sound.

"What?" Dream sounds humoured. The arm around George's waist moves, propped on George's back now, as Dream's fingers thread through his hair. "You can go to sleep without me if I had to sleep without you."

"No." George's stubbornness showcases through a tight grip on Dream's t-shirt. Dream is talking some utter bullshit.

"No?" The hand disappears from George's head, followed by the sound of typing. Is he talking to someone? Wasn't he supposed to be editing the video?

"No." George repeats, then eases his grip, instead wrapping his arms around Dream's neck. "I'm going to sleep here." As if to cement his words he rises up from sitting on his knees, and slides his feet through the back of the chair, carefully. The right one first, then the left one. Now, properly seated on Dream's lap, he slumps back down.

"Doesn't seem too comfy." There are traces of amusement in the sentence, as Dream slides the chair a bit further away from the desk so that George's back isn't painfully pressed against the edge.

"Yeah. I'll probably be in pain when I wake up." George confirms, cunning and smug. If guilt tripping is a way to get Dream to succumb, he will not hesitate to use it. "The only solution is to get into bed."

He waits for a quip back, an annoyed comment, or even a usual '*idiot*'.

Instead, Dream hums thoughtfully "Okay." His left palm is back, tracing a line down George's spine with a delicate touch. "I'll just finish this part and we can nap."

George feels like stretching his luck even more. "Not nap. Sleep." He grumbles.

"It's literally 7 pm" He sounds a bit further away from George's ear now, and George can imagine exactly the kind of look Dream is giving him. He can recognise a smile in Dream's voice from a mile away.

"Sleeeeep." He draws the word out, not being able to stop his own smile from spreading, either.

"Okay, George. We can sleep." Dream chuckles. "Let me just wrap this up."

He goes back to editing, sliding his headset back on his ear.

George already misses his touch against his bare skin. It's always nice, Dream's hands are big and somehow simultaneously rough *and* soft. They always look mind-blowingly good on George, the contrast in between the sizes of their bodies highlighted like this.

He's not even that much shorter. Sapnap is even shorter than he is, but when he and Dream stand next to each other, the contrast is not as stark as with Dream and George. He supposes it has to do with body type, too. Dream is not only tall, but his shoulders are wide, even his chest is wide. George can feel it now, underneath his body, the expanse of Dream's. George is smaller and thinner. *Petite* Dream said once, which Sapnap then repeated way too many times for George's liking. But even then, there was a difference in which they said it. Sapnap was making fun of him. Dream sounded almost amazed.

Just then, Dream's left hand lands on George's waist again. George takes a deep breath. He knows his waist is small, too. He used to be unsure what to think of it, especially years ago, when it came with more insecurities than anything else. But now, with the help of large fingers spreading on the expanse, he considers it one of his positives. And it's no secret that Dream loves it, too.

He's very aware of how every inch his body is touching Dream's. And while Dream may enjoy the size difference they have, George couldn't honestly say that he didn't enjoy it, too.

He eases his grip around Dream, lowering his hold to fit around Dream's shoulders instead. Where Dream's neck is now exposed, he leans closer in, dragging his lips on the side of it.

Dream takes a deep breath, so George continues. He kisses a bit more sure now, tongue seeking Dream's pulse point, going all the way up to his jaw, then slowly down again, where he lets himself bite at the junction between Dream's neck and his shoulder. Dream grips his waist tighter, fingers pushing into the skin, and fuck. Only one hand covers up so much space. George does it

again, a bit harder this time. Dream's thumb brushes closer to the front of his abdomen, then caresses his hip.

George can't help it. He grinds down, slightly at first, a mere sway of hips, but it follows more surely when Dream's nails dig into his back.

"I thought you said you wanted to sleep." Dream's voice is low, sending shivers down George's body. He definitely doesn't sound like he minds, though, with a slight playful note in his tone.

"Well, we're not sleeping yet." George speaks the words into Dream's skin, not wanting to move away, then follows it with another light bite. "I'm still in this chair."

Dream doesn't respond, only lets out a quick exhale. The hand on George's side shifts slightly, down, fingers on the edge of George's sleeping shorts. George circles his hips again, lazily, a satisfied hum leaving him at the nice feeling.

"George" Dream grips his hip, stopping him from moving. "I just need to save it and then you have all my attention." The promise is sweet and exciting. All of Dream's attention is all George ever craves, anyway, even if at times he loves to act annoyed with it. It only spurts more, makes Dream shower him with touch, with even more focus.

It's taking too long now, though. George wants to be held, he wants to be kissed, he wants both of Dream's hands on him, but one is stubbornly still stuck on the mouse.

He puts his feet on the ground, and then with one movement, he sends the chair spinning.

"George!" It stops after one circle, and George can't stop the chuckle that follows. "Give me just three seconds."

He moves away from Dream's neck to look at his face. There's a smile that Dream's trying to stop by biting the inside of his cheek. George kind of wants to bite it, too. Is that weird? That he wants to bite the inside of Dream's cheek? He doesn't care.

"Okay. Three, two-" George starts the countdown, but he doesn't even have a chance to stop it when after one final click of the mouse Dream's lips are suddenly on his, insistent.

He kisses back, lazy and indulgent, dragging his tongue against Dream's in a way that's more playful than anything else, not letting Dream lead the kiss, not letting him deepen it in a way that Dream wants. All with a taunt, a smirk on his mouth. Then, to double it up, he makes the chair spin, again.

This time Dream doesn't stop it. He lets it spin as the two of them giggle into each other's mouths in between the kisses, right up until the rotation stops. George grinds down, again, and Dream meets him halfway. They're facing away from the computer now, the glow softly illuminating behind Dream's head as they part.

It's Dream's turn to cover George's neck with kisses, a brush of the lips right by George's throat. Both of his hands are on George's back, the hold strong, so George takes the opportunity to lean back into it. And the more he does, the more he doesn't want to stop. He lets Dream hold his upper body as he bends back, arms above his head, torso twisted more and more until he feels gravity shift, blood flooding into his skull.

And Dream holds him like that, one palm supporting the upper portion of his spine, the other on his lower back. George giggles. He's not sure why he did it, maybe it's something about being completely at Dream's mercy. Dream could let go and make him fall to the floor with one move.

He doesn't do that, of course. What he does do, is lean forward, too, hold still stable, and grace George's stomach with a kiss, above his belly button. He doesn't stop there, marking up a trail of wet kisses all the way to George's sternum, lifting him up gradually with it. Once George is upright again he grinds down once more, drawing a gasp out of Dream.

"You're out of this world." Dream sounds both winded and bewildered, putting a lazy grin on George's face.

"What world am I from then?" It's a question that probably doesn't have an answer, Dream's statement is just a figure of speech, but George wants to know anyway. Wants to know every thought Dream has about him, every look he gives him, every fantasy he indulges in. He wants to steal them straight out of Dream's mind.

"I don't know." Dream slides his hands to George's sides, then down, where they end up at his pelvis, guiding his hips in their movement. "Hot man land."

It's a bit funny, but weirdly it also fills him with satisfaction. His whole life he didn't much care to

be desired, it never brought any particular feelings with it, but now... Being desired by Dream was creating a whole new emotion in George, one he feels like he can never get enough of.

He's not saying that out loud though, no matter how sleep-deprived he is.

"What if I'm from Minecraft." He says instead, holding back laughter. "If we were in Minecraft you'd be feeding me potatoes instead. Or carrots." He adds, his brain suddenly supplying him an image of Minecraft villagers exchanging food, with hearts floating above their heads. "We'd be throwing carrots at each other."

"That's how they breed, George. We are not breeding." It seems as if there's fondness in Dream's response, but there's also the unmistakable look of exasperation in his features. The *'what the fuck are you talking about'* is written on Dream's face without having to word it out loud.

"Wait, you're right." Foolishly, George has only thought about the sex part. But that wasn't it, was it? Every time two Minecraft mobs got it on, there was a fruitful result of their hard work. The hearts weren't just signalling fucking, they were creating *life. Every time.* "Oh my god. If we were in Minecraft we would have a baby every time we had sex." It's startling to think about, but also very, very amusing. "We would have, like, at least a hundred, right?" George can't help but imagine an army of toddlers, waddling about in their house

"More or less." Dream answers, albeit hesitantly. He looks like he's trying not to laugh, but also, very perplexed.

"That's enough to get them trapped in a Skeppy video."

Dream bursts out laughing at that, head thrown back, hand covering his mouth. He looks pretty like this. George wants to hide him away from the world and keep him forever.

"You're so fucking weird, George." There's not a hint of mockery as he brings George closer and kisses him as if weirdness is something that deserves that kind of reward. George doesn't question it and follows the kiss this time, fingers easily finding their way in Dream's mess of hair.

"Wanna get to bed?" Dream's breath mixes with George's as he asks the question into his eager mouth.

"Only if you carry me." Not even a second after he voices it, Dream's grip moves to George's thighs, holding on as he stands up and walks over to their bed. It's only a few steps, but George still feels breathless. Dream doesn't budge even once.

"You're strong." He comments on it, against his better judgement, once Dream carefully lays him down, hovering over him now, then swiftly takes his shirt off. George keeps his legs around Dream's hips, hooking his ankles together behind him.

"You're just small." Dream brings up. Of course he does. He's positively obsessed with it, it seems.

"Oh, I'm so small, am I?" He immediately hops on the opportunity to tease, especially if it distracts from his comment about Dream's strength. "You just wanna like, pick me up and put me in your pocket."

"Yes." Dream doesn't even try and act like it isn't true, wearing it proudly on his sleeve. He leans down, going back into leaving red marks below George's throat. "Hide you in my pocket, so nobody else can have you." The next words are a bit muffled, spoken into George's collarbone, but he can still hear them.

And isn't that exactly what George was thinking before? To hide Dream away from everybody else, to keep him only for himself. It stirs at the bottom of his gut, the knowledge that he's not alone in this weird thought. That maybe, just as much a George wants Dream to be only his, Dream...

"What would all the other guys I have sex with say?" Overwhelmed by his thoughts combined with their bodies burning together, he resorts to teasing. There's a dimly lit light of arousal somewhere, buried in George's abdomen. "They'd miss me."

The light shines brighter with the unmistakable shadow of annoyance in Dream's features, reflected in the tight, almost possessive grip on his waist.

"Well. They'd have to deal." Dream responds as if it's serious. As if George really has anyone else he thinks about even slightly similarly to how he thinks about Dream. As if he could have anyone else he would trust with this level of intimacy.

"Yeah? Should I tell them then?" He draws it out, the feeling almost addictive. "That you want me all to yourself?"

Dream definitely knows George is just fucking with him. They spend almost every waking moment together, they tell each other everything they do when they're apart. They have each other's phone passwords and looked over each other's shoulders while texting. There would be no possibility of anyone else. Dream knows.

"Yes." He says nevertheless, voice deeper than before. "No sharing." He staples it with a twitch to his hips, crotch pressed firmly against crotch.

Fuck. The things Dream does to him should be illegal. Why isn't there a law against acting like this yet? Against saying things that make you feel like you're flying and falling all at the same time?

"Alright." It sounds a bit weak, his voice trembling, so he clears his throat before continuing. "Contacting all my imaginary side bitches all at once."

Dream snorts, finally losing the frown. "You're an idiot." The grip lessens, too, Dream going instead for palming the bulge at the front of George's boxers.

"Me?" George bends his body upwards, leaning into the touch. A shuddering breath catches in his throat. "You're the one that got jealous over imaginary men."

"Okay, to be fair..." Dream starts but George doesn't let him finish. He brings him down for a kiss again, palms caressing both of Dream's cheeks.

He's not fully hard, which is surprising considering the events, but Dream's hand still feels nice when it finally slides into his underwear. He knows what George likes the best by now, and learned it all eagerly. Learned how to read his body language, too, which is why his hand moves slower, in pace with their making out, a loose fist moving up and down. It's good. George doesn't want rough right now.

But with his eyelids heavy, his muscles and body too, he feels himself disconnecting from it. He's still a bit limp.

"Dream." He breaks the kiss, a soft murmur escaping with the air.

"Hmmm?" His wrist pauses, but his lips don't. A soft peck is granted to the corner of George's lips, then just above his jaw.

"I'm actually too tired to like- get properly horny." He closes his eyes, too exhausted to keep them open.

"Okay." Dream moves to take his hand out of George's boxers, but George catches it before he can.

"Can you just keep your hand there for a bit?" His voice is laced with sleep, but he doesn't want to succumb to it yet.

"You want me to just hold your dick?" Dream chuckles, but George can sense there is no weirdness behind it. He's just asking to make sure.

"Yeah. Just for a bit. Feels nice."

Dream hums, lowering himself to lie on the bed next to George, careful not to move his palm that's still wrapped around George's cock. Once he's comfortable, his lips end up on the side of George's face again, soft kisses on his temple keeping a small smile alive on George's face.

"Wanna tell you something." George whispers into the night. His thoughts are mostly concepts now, no sentences stringing themselves together no matter how much he tries to focus.

"What is it?" Dream matches his volume, and with his mouth against George's skull, it feels as if he's speaking directly into his brain.

If this is love, George has never felt it before. Just Dream, for his whole 25 years on this earth, he's only ever felt like this with Dream. As if words that came easy were instantly more meaningful when spoken directly to him, and words that plagued his consciousness with heaviness, were light as a feather, wanting to be freed into the air, to be shared as if they were just another thought.

He's reminded of his own promise to himself. Right now, all the doubt of Dream wanting what he wants is gone. There's certainty, but there's also pride. A bitter-sweet mix.

"I'm not going to tell you." He turns his head, opening his eyes slightly, where he meets Dream's gaze. "It's a secret."

Dream stares back, looking from one eye to another, then taking George's whole face in. "I want to know all your secrets."

"Play your cards right and you'll find out." The nervousness catches up with him, tugging uncomfortably at the bottom of his stomach. Or maybe it's excitement? Whatever it is, it's a bit much for his current state. "I'm tired." he states before Dream can say anything else about his sudden half-confession.

"Wanna go to sleep?" Dream smoothly removes his hand from George's boxers, wrapping it around George's torso instead.

"Hmmm. Yeah."

They settle down, George lifting his head to let Dream's arm underneath. It's one of George's favourite ways to sleep now. Who needs a pillow anyway? Who needs a blanket? Dream can provide it all. His name really matches him well. *Dream*. It's so easy to fall asleep around him, that George starts to forget what it's like to be kept awake by his own thoughts.

Even now he's tracing random shapes with his fingertips into George's side. It doesn't tickle, weirdly, just gives him slight goosebumps, but it feels nice. Some spirals, a back and forth caress. A circle. Some more spirals. Some more defined lines. Is he... writing? George fights sleep off, trying to focus.

Some weird shape. Is that a Y? Then a circle? Then something that could be a U.

"What are you writing?" He's mumbling, he knows, but the grip sleep has on him isn't easy to shake off.

Dream pauses. "You were supposed to sleep." His whisper has the same soft tone that's reserved for moments like this. George wants to drown in it.

"You're writing a whole novel on my ribs." George whines, palm coming up to press against Dream's chest. "How am I supposed to sleep?"

Dream just chuckles, then he's back to drawing random shapes again. Just a spiral after spiral. No answer in sight.

"Be honest." George is going to get his answer, even though sleep is calling for him. "Were you writing a DNF fanfiction?"

Dream chuckles softly. "Yeah. Heatwaves sequel." He brings George closer. George doesn't think it's a good idea to let him know that Heatwaves already *has* a sequel. George probably shouldn't know that. "In this one, we sleep together and fuck every day. Oh, wait-

"Idiot." Within the last remains of his alertness, he opens his eyes and looks up at Dream. "Seriously though, what were you writing?"

Dream's smirk is smug. "Wouldnt you like to know."

"Tell me." George lowers his volume once again, not looking away from Dream's eyes even for a moment.

Dream hesitates for a second, the brush of fingers pausing completely, but then it resumes. This time George focuses on the shapes, and sure enough, letters are forming underneath Dream's fingertips.

U R P R E T T Y

George lets out a surprised scoff, cheeks drowning in sudden heat.

"Woow." He's thankful that the room is somewhat dark, so the extent of the full reaction it has on him might be lost on Dream. "You're such a simp." He adds, just for good measure.

"Yeah." Dream confirms softly, because of course he does. "For you."

George is going to scream. He's going to stand up, leave the room and yell at the top of his lungs.

Does Dream even think before he speaks? Does he consider the consequences of his own words? Does he even know that George is literally *dying* right now? Idiot. Idiot, idiot, idiot.

"You write Es like a freak." He throws out, eye contact suddenly too much. He looks down at Dream's bare chest where his fingers tap Dream's skin nervously. He wills them to stop. "Write it again."

Dream only writes the letter E this time. He starts at the top right, then goes left, then only slightly down, then right. He then lifts his finger, goes back to the centre of the left line, moves down, and then right in an L shape.

"You're a psychopath." George states. Who the hell writes their Es like that?

"How am I supposed to write it then?" Dream asks, amused.

George ignores the slight trembling of his hand and starts writing his own message on Dream's peck. U ARE DUMB his letters spell out, with the E written in a normal person way. Top line, left line, bottom line, all together, and then the middle line, separately.

"It's not even that different!" Dream's protests are futile when George is so clearly in the right.

"It's a quintessential difference." George stands his point. "Go on, you try."

Dream gives him a long look, then with as much smugness as before, types out U ARE HOT right on George's ribs.

Idiot. At least the E is correct this time.

"That's acceptable." George mumbles, settling back into Dream's shoulder. If Dream's gonna play like this, he's just going to go to sleep. He's slowly drifting away, anyway.

Dream doesn't want to stop there, it seems though. Just as George closes his eyes again, more letters appear from under Dream's fingers.

It's UR CUTE this time. Figures.

With eyes still firmly shut, George retaliates with UR AN IDIOT.

He waits, but for a minute nothing more seems to follow. Dream's finger taps at his skin though, so George decides to keep alert for just a tiny bit more.

And just when he thinks it's over, a new shape starts. It curls outward, towards the left, then curves down again. A start of an S? Well, it can't be, as it comes to a point at that moment, continuing right, somehow mirroring the previous route, curling at the top and-

It's a heart.

Dream traces it over, again. Then once more.

George takes a shaky breath, pressing his forehead to where his fingers were writing dumb messages just a second before.

Say it, he screams in his head, trying to send the message through Dream's loudly beating heart straight towards his head. *Just say it, idiot. Read my mind. Say it. Ask me.*

Dream kisses the top of his head.

"Goodnight, George."

Instead of answering, George holds him closer until he falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

If you're asking yourself "how has he managed to put skeppy not once but TWICE in his dnf fanfiction?" do not blame me. blame georgenotfound. And also blame ✱ who is getting a shout out again for "make george discuss minecraft breeding mechanics in the next chapter" and like... he would so i had to.

anyway thank you so so so so much for all the kudos?? It seems as if I blinked and suddenly we're almost at 500. And once again, consider writing a comment if you enjoyed! Only one chapter left :]

The one time it matters

Chapter Notes

enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Weirdly, Sapnap is the one to kickstart it.

George and Dream are sitting in the kitchen, Dream cooking a very-late-breakfast, George scrolling through Twitter on his phone, occasionally looking up.

Sapnap walks in, bag swung over his shoulder.

“Alright, I’m gonna get going.” He says, hovering over by the fridge.

"You're not gonna eat with us?" Dream asks.

"Nah, I had food before."

"Alright. Drive safe." Dream abandons the eggs on the pan for a moment to come up to Sapnap and give him a goodbye hug. George just waves his hand. Sapnap's only going to North Carolina for a *week*, he doesn't need a whole goodbye parade.

Sapnap returns the hug, then turns to go. He stops, right by the doorway, lingering for a moment. George doesn't pay him much attention.

"What's up?" Dream asks, back by the stove. George hopes he doesn't burn the eggs.

"Does..." Sapnap gives a quick look in his direction and then his gaze flickers between both of them, him and Dream. George looks up from his phone. "Does Karl know?" The question comes seemingly out of nowhere.

"Does Karl know... what?" Dream inquires.

"About the two of you."

Now that gets George's attention properly. He lifts his head up, glancing at Dream, who already seems to be doing the same, puzzled. They both look back at Sapnap.

"Uhhh..."

"Why are you asking?" George brings his own question through Dream's confusion. Why is Sapnap suddenly so curious about what Karl does and doesn't know about him and Dream?

... Did Karl mention something to him?

"Just so I know if I can talk to him about it." Sapnap fidgets, shuffling his weight from one leg to the other. He looks unsure, like he doesn't really know if he asked the right question, body tense, ready to flee at any moment.

It has some basis, because as soon as he says it George's face contorts in a weirded-out expression, head receding back. Now that's a fucking weird thing to say, isn't it? What is Sapnap even going to discuss with Karl, the sparse times he'd seen the two of them making out for a few seconds before he made a show of covering his eyes up and screaming?

"Why do you want to talk to Karl about mine and Dream's sex life?" He doesn't hide how strange he finds Sapnap's request.

Sapnap visibly cringes, too. "Ew, gross dude." His mouth twists in distaste as if George even just mentioning that he and Dream have a sex life is a personal attack on Sapnap's well-being. "No, just like the other stuff, obviously. Jesus. I wanna know if I can complain about being the third wheel."

George blinks. "What other stuff?"

Sapnap has never looked so uncomfortable in his life. It's quite funny, even if it does leave George wondering. He keeps looking to Dream, as if for help, but Dream is focused on the frying pan, eyes not budging from the stovetop for even a second.

"You know..." Sapnap tries to gesticulate, hands going in circles, then back and forth in between George's and Dream's direction. "That you two are..."

"That we're what?" George doubles down, more just enjoying seeing Sapnap squirm than actually realising what he's asking for. He looks down at his phone when a notification catches his attention, a reply from Quackity under a Tommy tweet. He chuckles, and adds his own reply to it, too, matching Quackity's vibe.

When he looks up again, Sapnap and Dream are sharing what looks like intense eye contact. Dream's eyes are wide, almost alerted, as he tries to vigorously send Sapnap some kind of message only by minuscule face movement. Sapnap just looks completely and truly confused, mouthing 'what?' as a response.

Figures. Of course Sapnap can't even communicate with Dream mentally. Pathetic. This is why George is the favourite.

Before George has a chance to figure out what it is that Dream tries so desperately to convey to Sapnap, they both notice that his attention is back on them. Dream turns again, a spatula in his hand, going to work on putting the eggs on the plates, then slides a few bread slices into the toaster.

The atmosphere is tense, for some reason. George isn't quite sure when or why it turned this way, but between the stiffness of Dream's shoulders and Sapnap's almost guilty expression, it hovers in their kitchen like a fog. It shouldn't, at the end of the day George doesn't think Sapnap even asked anything wrong.

"Well." George interrupts the silence, cutting through the tension like a knife. He might as well say it. Go big or go home. "Karl knows."

As George watches the relief spread through Sapnap's features, he ignores Dream's surprised expression in the corner of his vision. As casually as he can he goes back to his phone, pretending he can't see Dream's questioning eyes.

"Cool." Sapnap exhales then adjusts the bag on his shoulder. "Alright, see you guys in a week." He turns around, eager to leave the mess he accidentally stirred.

The front door shuts behind him and Dream and George are left in a simmering silence, interrupted only by the scrape of a knife against toasted bread. George likes his toast buttered and Dream doesn't. He still always goes out of his way to butter it for George, though.

A plate with fried eggs and bacon, as well as two pieces of toast is put down in front of him, followed by Dream's plate just opposite. George's toast is white bread, Dream's is rye. At least he's eating bread again, even if it's inferior bread.

"So." Dream sits down, handing George a fork that he promptly takes. "Karl knows?"

"In my defence, I didn't tell him. Him and Quackity somehow figured it out. I just... didn't deny it very convincingly." Even though Dream doesn't sound angry, George still wants to explain himself. They didn't exactly specify if this should be a secret or not. Sapnap knowing just kind of came as a package deal of having a flatmate. "They're... reasonably chill about it though."

That was partially true. At first, they were *everything but* chill. George had to deal with stupid jokes, excessive teasing, and a lot of screaming. In retrospect, his reaction might've been a tad dramatic, but with confusing emotions floating through his body and an uncertainty about where exactly it was all going, it was like a nail in a coffin. He yelled at them both, telling them to mind their business, creating a long pause of awkward silence. Their teasing has been less intense after that. Although George did get threatened to be thrown out of the OG sex-havers for *actually* having sex.

"Quackity knows, too?" Dream's face is hard to read as George seeks any sign of anger on it, but all he can confidently find is a puzzled expression. "So, they both know?"

George tightens his fingers on the metal handle of the fork. "Is that... not okay?"

"No, that's fine, of course George." Dream is quick to reassure him and George lets out a small exhale, grip easing. "That's completely fine."

He still looks thoughtful, though, like there's more on his mind. He doesn't say anything more, so George focuses on his breakfast instead.

With his fork, he piles the two eggs on one slice of toast making sure that the yolks are spaced out. He tops it up with bacon, then covers with the other slice of toast. The fork gets put back down on the plate, as George lifts the makeshift sandwich to his mouth, then takes a bite.

"Bad knows, by the way." Dream states suddenly, forcing the words out quickly, as if unsure if he should be saying it.

George stops chewing. "Bad as in Badboyhalo?"

Dream nods.

"Badboyhalo knows we're having sex?!" His mouth is still full when he speaks and a chunk of fried egg falls out with the force of his words, landing on the middle of the table.

"Yes." Dream seems amused, as he eyes the small egg piece, then picks it up with his fingers and puts it on the edge of George's plate.

Out of everything Dream could have shared with him at that moment, this takes George aback the most. It doesn't compute, the image of Bad in his head and the topic of the conversation. He knows Dream goes to Bad with certain problems, even to make sure he's thinking rationally, needing a fresh pair of eyes to look at the issue at hand. All that was understandable, but this? *Sex*?

George quickly swallows the mouthful of food.

"Did he not implode when you said it?" He can't fathom how that conversation must've gone. Dream surely didn't just say 'Me and George are having sex', right? "How did you even tell him? *'Me and George are bumping muffins'*, or something?"

"Oh come on now, George." Dream picks at his egg with his fork, cutting off a bit and then putting it in his mouth. "I mean, he wasn't even *that* surprised, weirdly."

George observes as Dream eats his egg, bit by bit, interchanges it with the bacon and his bread. He glances at his own sandwich. The first time Dream saw him eat like that, he also tried. He tried for a whole week, actually, even buttered his toast and everything. In the end, he gave up, admitting he likes eating his way better. It was funny at the time. Looking back, it's sweet more than anything, the way Dream wanted them to match in the smallest of ways.

They're different. They're similar in a lot of ways, of course, but they're still two different people. George doesn't share any worries or problems unless pushed or feeling particularly vulnerable. Dream shares his with ease, but layered in apathy and indifference, sometimes framed as a joke. But what's most important, he shares them, very often, with Badboyhalo.

It's worrying, to say the least. But he drops it, for now.

It gnaws at him, though. Throughout the whole time they eat breakfast, and then afterwards when they decide to watch that new crime-solving show everyone's been talking about. Even as they're making out on the couch, pressed close together, his thoughts distract him, make him wonder.

So when later, inevitably, they end up in Dream's room, shirts abandoned on the floor, kissing vigorously with Dream above him, situated between his legs, he brings it up again.

"Why did you tell him?" George asks, moving away from Dream's lips suddenly, hands pushing back at Dream's shoulders. He tries to sound casual

as if the idea that Dream sees their sex life as a *problem* hasn't been plaguing his mind since earlier in the day.

Dream keeps a dazed look on George's lips for a moment, fingers right on George's waist, before a frown shows up on his features. "What?"

"Why did you tell Bad that we're fucking?"

"Um..." Dream hesitates, only fueling George's uncertainty more and more. He looks almost anxious as he sits up, no longer shielding George's body with his own from the light of day that's slipping in through the window. "I don't know, I guess I needed... advice?"

"... You needed sex advice from Badboyhalo?" Through the nerves, he can't help but huff out a half-laugh, even the possibility of the situation seeming too amusing. "What did he tell you? ' *Before stuffin' wrap your muffin* ' or something?"

"Fuck off George." Dream rolls his eyes, stifling down a smile. "Not *sex advice*, you weirdo."

"What kind of advice then?" He nibbles on his lower lip, trying his hardest not to let his anxieties show. But as Dream looks to the side, clearly thinking over what to say next, his stomach tightens.

"... About other stuff." Dream finally states.

"Okay." He draws the word, trying not to chew the skin off of his mouth. Instead, he focuses on his own hands, one getting a hold of the other. "What's the other stuff?" George knows he's prying and knows there is probably a reason why Dream is avoiding saying it. But that reason still digs at him, making him want to know. Is it a problem? Is their sex life an issue?

Dream sighs, twisting in place, the creaking of the mattress underneath his weight echoing inside George's head. "This isn't exactly a situation I often find myself in, George." He gestures at the both of them and their half-naked bodies. "I kind of needed a fresh perspective."

George swallows, throat tight. Still, he tries to give Dream the benefit of the doubt.

"I get it." He forces humour into his tone. "Having mind-blowing sex every day with the sex god himself was a bit overwhelming for you."

Dream doesn't laugh. Instead, he opens his mouth as if to say something, then closes it, like a fish out of the water. Coincidentally, that's also how George feels. Like he can't breathe.

"Kind of." Dream finally says.

"Oh." George blinks. "So what was his expert advice?"

"Something that's much easier said than done."

This isn't happening.

Overwhelming only means one thing to George. Overwhelming isn't good, it's suffocating. Anything that was overwhelming always felt like it trapped him in a small box that nobody cut holes in for him to breathe through. And now, what Dream is saying, is that having sex with George feels *overwhelming*. So much so that he had to turn to Bad for advice.

"So what? Do you not wanna have sex anymore?" He doesn't mean for the words to be as cutting as they are, but he can't beat around the topic anymore. If this is the end, then so be it. If he's been fucking wrong all over again, it's not a big deal. *It's not*. He just needs to rip the plaster off and shove everything back inside again.

"What?" Dream's taken aback demeanour brings George back into the present moment. "Why would I-" He stops himself from speaking, looking genuinely lost. Then his eyes widen. "Oh god okay- I get how it sounded like I don't- Okay." Dream puts both of his hands on George's knees, looking straight at him. "I very, very much want to continue having sex with you, George."

George lets out a breath. "Cool." He still can't shake the feeling that that's not it, anyway. "So what is the problem?"

"Well." Dream continues and George tenses once more. So *there is* a problem. He wasn't wrong. "What if I said I would like to be the only one who has sex with you? Like... long-term?"

George pauses. That's... it? This is the thing he nearly just got a heart attack over?

"Okay...?" The confusion makes it sound more like a question, but it still sends his point across as Dream eases his tight hold on George's legs.

"...Okay?" The relief is puzzling, to say the least. "That easy?"

"Yeah, you idiot." He can't help the scoff that barks a laugh out of him. God, this man is going to kill him one day. "How is that a problem?"

"Well..." A smile spreads on Dream's face. "I guess, I don't know. Like, I mean, we never really said that we're... doing this whole thing as exclusive. So I just wanted to make sure."

"It's exclusive." George states, the contagious smile now also affecting him. "Dumbass."

"Epic." The smile turns into a full teeth grin. George rolls his eyes at the lame response, and brings Dream down again, connecting their lips once more.

The stress leaving his body combined with the excitement that follows it entice him into the kiss more and more, palms sneaking onto Dream's bare back. The buzzing underneath his skin doubles down when Dream's lips move to his jaw, then down to his neck, leaving bright red promises with every suck, lick and bite. He always tries not to leave marks, knows it would be hard to hide them from the camera, but it doesn't always work. Sometimes the hickeys stay for days, raspberry marks on his pale skin.

He likes the way they look, so he doesn't complain.

Sometimes, like right now, he even tugs a bit harder on Dream's hair, encouraging his mouth to paint the marks onto him. And as Dream complies, trapping the skin in between his teeth with a groan, George angles his body up, twisting so that they touch even more.

"Wanna fuck you." Dream's words soak into George's collarbones, sending a shiver through his whole body. It's been months since it all started, since he first felt Dream's touch on him, but throughout all this time it never failed to excite him, desire always shining through, more and more it seemed with each time.

It's no different now, as he lets out an approving hum, nails leaving crescent indents on Dream's back, stalks of pink going down with George's scratch.

Dream's mouth moves lower, leaving a wet trail across his sternum, palms kneading at the sides of George's hips, just by his shorts. George doesn't want those on him anymore. He grinds his hips, a sway that communicates exactly what he wants it to. His pants and underwear are off in only a few seconds after that, Dream's following behind.

The kisses return, tongue flicking at one of George's nipples. George sighs, softly, Dream's soft locks secured in his grip. He smiles lazily when Dream's right hand wraps around his dick, left already reaching into the crease between the mattress and the bed frame where they keep the lube. With a lingering kiss to George's stomach, Dream moves up, uncapping the bottle skillfully. George spreads his legs wider, excitement rising.

But instead of the comforting coldness of the lube, there's a pause. Instead of a sly, playful smile, Dream is glaring at the bottle of lube that he's holding.

"Are you—"

“When you say exclusive,” Dream interrupts, looking up suddenly. “what does that mean?”

“Umm...” George gapes, taken aback by the question. First of all, he wasn’t even the one to say it first, Dream was. Second of all-

“Like, let’s say there’s a man.” This time the interruption is to George’s thoughts, but the content catches him off guard even more.

“A man?” He frowns. “Like who?”

“No, like, hypothetically.” Dream closes the bottle of lube with his thumb, then opens it again with one push, closing it once more after. He continues, fidgeting with the cap as he speaks. “Let’s say in the future, there is a man, and he’s like- He’s like your ideal type, or whatever.”

The frown quickly dissipates from George’s face when it’s clear there is no specific man *right now* that Dream is talking about. But then the rest follows and a scoff is forced out of George, followed by a disbelieving look.

“My ideal type?”

"Yeah." The clicking continues, a bit more frequent now. "Let's say he-"

"Oh, so like a super short guy?" It's George's turn to interrupt Dream now, as he watches with amusement as Dream stops speaking, mouth still open around the middle of the word. Even the lube bottle isn't making any more noise.

"You like shorter guys?" Dream asks seriously, and George fights tooth and nail to keep his deadpan and a neutral expression.

"Yeah. He would have to be shorter than me." he shrugs, then props himself up on his elbows.

"Okay." Dream considers it in his mind for a second. "So let's say-"

"And British." George adds as if as an afterthought. "Obviously, my ideal man has to be British like me."

Dream's pause is longer this time, as he regards George's face, probably trying to read him. George stubbornly keeps the poker face, no matter how hard it's becoming.

"Alri-"

"Oh, and he has to be *spectacular* at Fortnite." George's voice cracks a little at the end of the sentence, but he doesn't let it ruin his streak. "Like, God level."

Dream purses his lips, giving him a look that clearly reads all kinds of versions of '*Are you fucking kidding me?*' And even though he's been read now, he can't help but add onto it.

"Oh, and don't even get me started on how he can't be a *Leo*, those fucking-"

A firm pinch attacks the side of George's thigh, making him yelp a high-pitched sound, followed by a loud laugh.

"You're such a fucking dick, George." Dream, of course, follows him in laughing, trying to get the other side of George's leg, too, but getting swatted away by George's quick hands.

"He also would *never* cheat in a Minecraft speedrun, of course."

"Oh, you think you're soooooo funny-"

"And wouldn't have an Alpha Male Routine after bottoming to reestablish his masculinity."

"Wouldn't-" Dream stops his attempts at trying to pinch George on various parts of the body, as he gasps. "Shut up, George! What?" He almost looks genuinely offended, but George knows he can get away with basically anything he says. "I don't have a- an *Alpha Male Routine*."

George hides a snicker behind a hand that isn't still guarding his body against the previous attack of Dream's pinches. "You kind of do, tho."

Dream scoffs, settling back down in between George's legs. "I haven't even bottomed often enough for you to notice any kind of pattern-"

"Okay mister defensive."

"I'm not getting defensive, I just-"

George clicks his tongue, the corner of his mouth lifting. It really hasn't been that many times for them to switch their usual positions since they first discussed it, a few at most, but that didn't mean George still hasn't noticed a certain, frankly, amusing routine.

"You *insist* on cleaning us both up every time, also your voice goes like, really deep. You *have to* be the big spoon that night." George recalls one by one. "And you always watch sports after."

Dream rolls his eyes, fidgeting with the lube bottle suddenly back in full force, the cap clicking open and closed, open and closed.

"That's a coincidence. I just like sports."

"Dream." George holds Dream's eye contact. "Last time all that was on was golf, and you still watched it."

"Golf is an exhilarating sport, I don't know what to tell you!"

George chuckles. "Oh, I'm sure Dream."

"Whatever. You completely derailed my point." The usual tone of dismissal of an argument he's clearly losing only makes George want to laugh more. He stops himself from it though, opting instead for hearing Dream's ridiculous question out. "A guy shows up, and he's what you always wanted in a man. He like, wants you to go and run away with him. Or maybe like- Maybe just move in with him. Or even just go spend time at his place more and all that." He's speaking faster

now, losing some sounds in the middle of his words. "What then?"

George sends him an exasperated look. Maybe he should add 'idiot' to the description of his actual ideal type.

"Well." He entertains Dream's point just for a moment, before treating it like it should be treated. "I'd tell him to get off my property before I call the police."

Dream groans. "Stop joking. I'm serious."

"Well, what do you want me to say?" Amusement mixes with disbelief, with a bit of impatience thrown in the mix. They're both naked for fuck's sake, they should be *fucking each other* not *fucking about*. "That I'll run away with some guy to elope because he's my '*perfect man*'?" He stops the guard around his thighs to make quotation marks with his fingers.

Dream weighs George's words, gaze shifting to the side, mouth opening with no sound coming out for a while. In the end, he shrugs.

"I don't know."

"Well, I'm not going to." George tugs Dream by the arms, making him hover over again. "Now, if you're done being dumb, do u wanna have sex?"

Dream smiles.

They get back into the heat of things with a kiss, hips grinding together in no time, amping the arousal back to the previous level. Hands explore the expanses of bodies, gasps mix in between them. This time when Dream squeezes his thigh it's not in annoyance, and instead of a yelp it makes George moan.

When the lubed fingers finally breach past his rim, George lets out a joyful sound, urging the two digits, sliding down on them. He's still reasonably stretched from when they did this last night, George's head in the pillow, Dream's hips snapping without mercy. He loved it.

Now, this, this is more slow-paced than yesterday, but they both quickly learned that any and all ways they do this is fucking incredible either way, so there are no complaints. In fact, George wants to sing praises as soon as Dream finds his prostate, skilful fingers prodding at the sweet spot, a scissoring motion stretching him further.

George closes his eyes, head falling backwards, deep breaths interrupted only by whimpers of pleasure, increasing with Dream's third finger.

"M'ready." He gasps out, then groans as the fingers are removed. He hears the lube get opened again, some shuffling with the drawer and the unmistakable tear of a condom packet.

"So does that just mean you're like... Against dating at all, or-" Dream speaks all of the sudden and *what*.

"Huh?" George opens his eyes, met with the sight of Dream sliding the condom on, followed by the squeeze of lube.

"You said you wouldn't... You know. Even if a perfect man showed up." He lubes himself up, pointedly not looking at George as he speaks. "So I'm just asking, if you're against dating overall."

George swallows, then takes a deep breath. "No. I'm not."

"Alright." Is all that Dream responds with, before lining himself up and pushing into George.

He's become used to it by now, but this time it leaves him breathless, as his body still catches up with what was just asked. Within the implications of the question, George can't help but wonder. *Does Dream want to...?*

It keeps him breathless as Dream drags his movements out, pushing as deep as he can, slowly, leaning down with it so that their bodies press together like before, this time with George's cock trapped underneath Dream's abdomen. It creates amazing friction and combined with the languid drag of Dream's pelvis backwards it makes him gasp, desperate for oxygen.

The snap back inside isn't quick, but it's still thorough enough that it forces the air back out, fingers digging into Dream's skin, pushing him closer, chest to chest.

"You know," Dream starts then, and George isn't proud of the whimper at the sound of Dream's voice so close to his ear. He sounds winded, his voice low. "I think Nick thinks we're already dating."

"Does he?" George asks, mouth dry.

Dream hums as confirmation, slow movements making George's skin cover in goosebumps, the thorough thrusts not stopping for even a moment. With how close they are, George wonders if Dream can feel his heart hammering loudly in his ribcage.

"If he ever asks we could just... Say we are." Dream drops on him then, like a minecraft anvil placed without any support. "It would be easier than explaining, right?"

"Yeah." George says without thinking, maybe too quick after Dream asks. But how is he supposed to think, when Dream says things that create a confusing mess in his head, combined with pleasure at his every move?

"And if anyone else asks," Dream continues, lips moving across George's jaw as Georges hangs onto his every word. "we can just say that to them, too."

That finally breaks a soft, breathy chuckle out of George.

"Oh you'd like that, wouldn't you?" He grinds his hips down, meeting Dream's deep thrusts, as he teases. "Claiming me like that, so no one else even thinks of approaching me?"

It earns him a sharper shift of the hips, finally drawing a proper moan out of him. Dream lifts his head, giving him a satisfied, playful look. He doesn't deny it though. And as they both look at each other, it quickly becomes apparent that neither of them can stop smiles from forming on their faces.

"I mean, it's not that far from the truth, anyway." Dream slides a palm on the side of George's body, moving down, caressing the hip, ending on George's ass. "We already kind of act like it, don't we?"

"Do we?" George asks playfully, a taunt among their skirting around. Dream's eyes are sparkling with something like recognition, and for a second George wonders what do his say. And, unlike

any other time, he hopes it's exactly what he feels.

"We could just..." Dream lingers on the end, forming a half smile with the corner of his mouth, as he pushes in again, prompting another moan out of George.

"We could just what?" He asks, trying not to sound like he's gasping for air.

"We could just make it real." Dream speaks quietly, but within their closeness George hears every sound. It reverberates in his skull, repeating over and over again, like an echo in a cave. *Make it real.* "I mean, it would just make sense, logically. Don't you think?" There's humour lingering behind his tone.

"Oh, *logically*, of course." George can't hide the amusement from behind his, either, as the sudden giddiness threatens to spill out. "You want us to date in the name of logic?"

Dream grins. "That, and because I have a massive..."

"I swear if you say cock- *fuck*." Just as he says it, Dream makes another deep thrust, drops of pre-cum pooling in between their bodies.

"I wanted to say I have a massive crush on you." Dream finishes what George interrupted, positively beaming. "But that's true, too."

George bites his lower lip, his cheeks already starting to hurt with how *stupid* wide his smile is. It's all so fucking *stupid*, frankly, and George is the biggest idiot of all for falling for someone so *stupidly* cheesy.

"Oh, just a crush, is it?" He's not sure what prompts him to push it even more, but he feels greedy, wants to hear every embarrassing thing Dream has to offer, wants it to twist his stomach with feelings he always swore he would hate.

"Well." Dream studies George's face for a second, then his smile turns a degree warmer. "Some may call it a crush, others would say I'm in love with you. Same thing, really."

George was wrong before.

Overwhelming *definitely* doesn't always mean *bad*. A mix of emotions, revelations and physical sensations floods his whole body in a wave, tingling at the tips of his fingers, culminating into a beaming grin, one he doesn't even try to stop. There's no point in stopping the giggle following, either, even if George thinks it's embarrassing.

"Idiot." He looks to the side, overwhelmed by Dream's eyes on him, too. "Of course you would say that during sex. Get me all fucked out of my mind so that I go along with whatever you say."

"Are you saying my dick makes you unable to think straight?" The tone is way too self-congratulatory, but even as George seeks, he can't find it in him to stifle it for Dream.

"Hmm. Magic dick." He agrees instead, grinding down to encourage another move from Dream. Then, in an uncharacteristic flood of sincerity, he adds, a bit softer, "Don't wanna share it."

"Don't share it." Dream leans down again, mouthing along the junction of George's neck and jaw, right where George knows his pulse is showing proof of just how much effect Dream has on him. "It's yours."

"It's mine, is it?" George repeats, joy evident even through the taunt. He lifts his legs, hooking his ankles behind Dream's back.

"Yes." Dream murmurs right into his ear, another thrust shaking both of their bodies. "I'm yours." He adds, honest and open and George swears he melts right underneath him.

"And here I was, thinking I'd get to date just the cock." He lingers on the edge of his emotions, enjoying the suspension. Blood floods, making him dizzy, as if he's hanging upside down.

Dream laughs, soft and full of mirth. "Date me, too." A request that George kisses right off of his lips, pulling him closer and closer, until it feels like there is not a speck of air in between them.

The next thrust is deliberate, thorough, the force of it strong enough to destroy the walls George has spent years putting up around his own secrets. The one following draws out a whine that Dream swallows, George gladly giving him more and more to satisfy the strange appetite. The pre-cum in between their bodies is enough to make George's cock slick, the friction of their movement

bringing more pleasure.

Dream slides his hands underneath his back then, pressing him even closer, as if they could absorb into each other if he tries hard enough. He's moaning, too, sounds that mix with George's as the tempo speeds up, coming up to a climax.

And it happens, only a few moments later George comes with Dream's name trapped in between his teeth, gasping for air as Dream fucks into him more, until he reaches his own orgasm, body stilling, then dropping down on him. He doesn't wait, though, not giving himself even a moment of rest, Dream rolls off, then lies on his side, eyes firmly set on George.

"So..." He prods cheerfully, breathing still ragged, hair all over the place. He looks cute. He looks cute and he's *in love with George*.

"So?" Even through his jittery giddiness, he keeps up the unknowing demeanour, positively enjoying the way Dream has to work around it, has to thread through George's fake cluelessness. "You haven't asked a question, Dream."

Dream shakes his head with a small smile, arm bringing George in, twisting so that George faces him fully. He feels the cum on his stomach drip to the side, but he ignores it, for now.

"George." Dream's palm touches his cheek, then travels up, tangling in his hair, pushing it away from George's face. "Will you be my boyfriend?" For a person who looked so confident throughout everything else, the way he asks comes out more timid, a more delicate question, among the sound of deep breaths still calming down.

George can't stifle the flustered chuckle that spills out of him, eyes immediately looking at anything in the room. The laugh then changes, becoming a low, embarrassed continuous sound, low in his throat, only interrupted by more giddy giggles.

"Come on~" Dream's finger jabs at his side, prompting a bark of surprised laughter from George. "Answer me." another dig just under his ribs causes another sound, closer to a yelp now. "Yes or no, George!"

The jabs quickly turn to tickles, as Dream attacks his sides and belly with his fingers, inducing a moment full of screeching, pushing and filled to the brim with laughter. George, already winded before, can't breathe once again, trying to catch a breath to no avail as Dream's tickling doesn't

stop.

“Yes! Yes, okay!” He finally gives up, the embarrassing admission spilling past his lips in the hopes of stopping Dream’s doing. There are tears in the corners of his eyes from laughing, his hair is messed up, and he’s pretty sure the cum has soiled the sheets enough for them to warrant changing the bed to their other bedroom instead. Still, as happiness floods his veins, he repeats. “I’ll be your stupid boyf-”

Dream cuts him off with a kiss, all wide mouths and teeth and hands on cheeks.

“You’re my boyfriend now.” Dream says, soft as cotton and *fuck*, it sounds good. It sounds great, even.

“After you inflicted psychological terror on me just so I say yes.”

“Hey, I only terrorised you for a reply.” Dream smugly responds. “You could’ve said no.”

George exhales through his nose, dumbfounded. “I hate you.”

“Not true~” Dream insists.

“You’re an idiot.” George doubles down, trying to distract Dream from the fact that he’s *definitely* red in the face right now.

“Tell me something new.”

George opens his mouth, then closes it. He looks at Dream, takes in the annoyingly happy expression he sports, the smile he never dared to name clear on his face. And now, George thinks he knows what it is. Knows it’s not his *argument-smile*, nor his *George-is-an-idiot* smile. And as a new name forms in his head, a new need does, too.

It’s fucking embarrassing, though.

“Look over there.” George points to the side, at nothing in particular. When Dream just draws his eyebrows together in confusion, he rolls his eyes. “Look there, idiot. On that wall. There’s something on it.”

Dream finally twists his head, eyes flying to the wall. George leans down, hovering over his ear.

“I love you.”

As soon as it’s out, he turns his whole body. It’s *true, obviously*, but god, does it make him want to cringe. He doesn’t even make it to the other side of the bed, though, when arms wrap around his torso, chest pressed to his back. A loud peck lands on his cheek, then his ear, then apparently everywhere Dream can reach as George tries his hardest to slip out of his hold through laughter.

“Say it again.” Dream is beaming, he doesn’t have to see him to know, as he doesn’t stop the kiss-assault, moving down to the back of George’s neck and shoulders.

“No.” George stubbornly says then grins. “You hit your annual limit.”

And Dream whines, unrelenting, determined to have George repeat what he said, drowning him in kisses and more of his own confessions, hugging him close, not wanting to let go.

And if later on, when they lie cuddled together, fingers writing secret messages on each others skin, he lets it slip, more than once...

Well, if anyone asks, he can tell them it’s for the bit.

(He doubts anyone will believe him, anyway.)

is it normal to cry after finishing writing a fic? hsiujdhjalsk

Thank you so much to everyone who left kudos and comments and even to those of you who just tuned in for the chapters, or just skimmed it in the middle of the night. I appreciate you nevertheless!! <3 I never expected this fic to get even half of the praise and recognition i got both here and on my tumblr, so needless to say I'm really thankful.

see you in the future with more fics :]

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!